RE-DEDICATION FOR AMERICA . . . By Allan Nevins

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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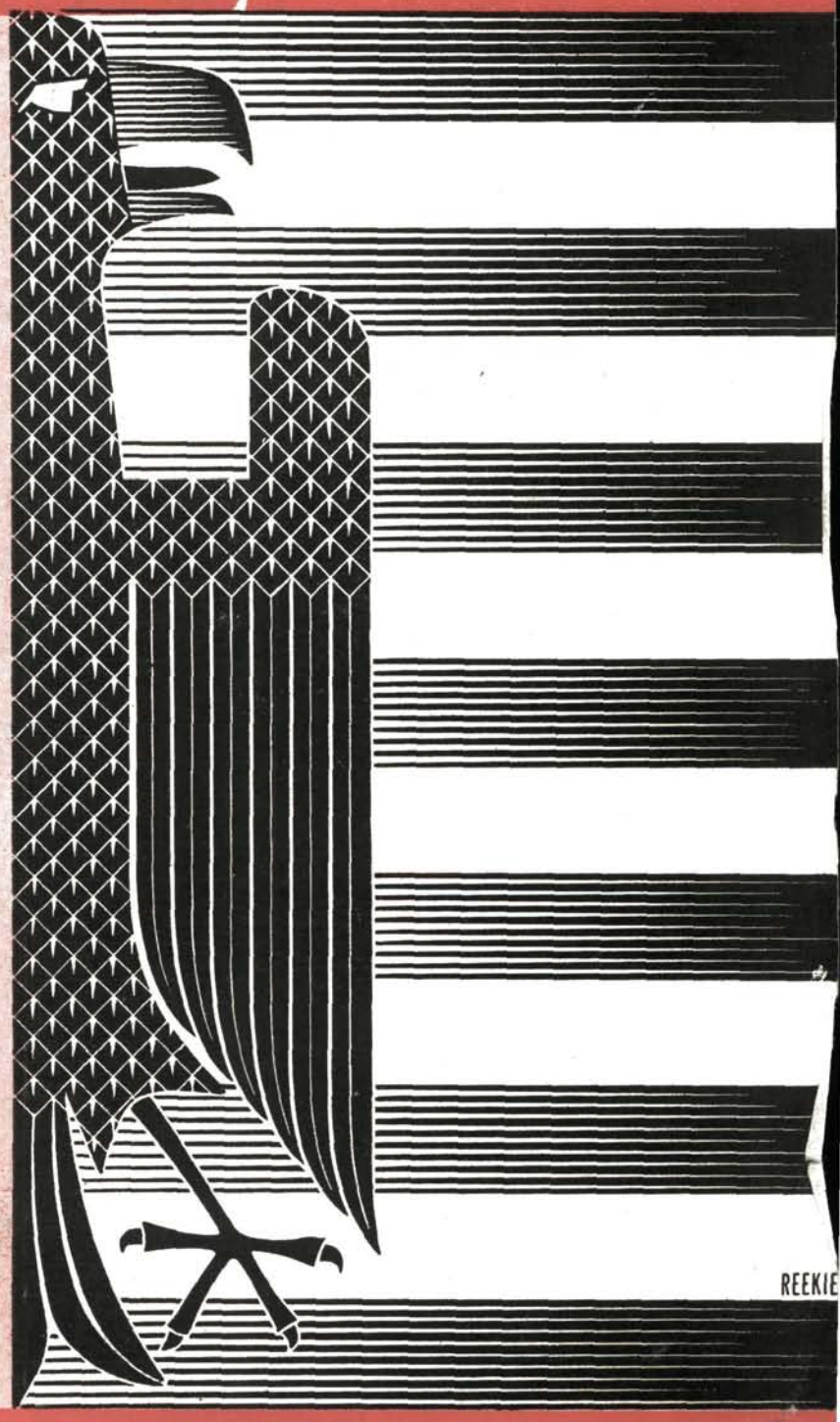

AMERICAN RE-DEDICATION: "Now it must be our ambition to restore order on this racked, agonized, exhausted planet." (See page 6)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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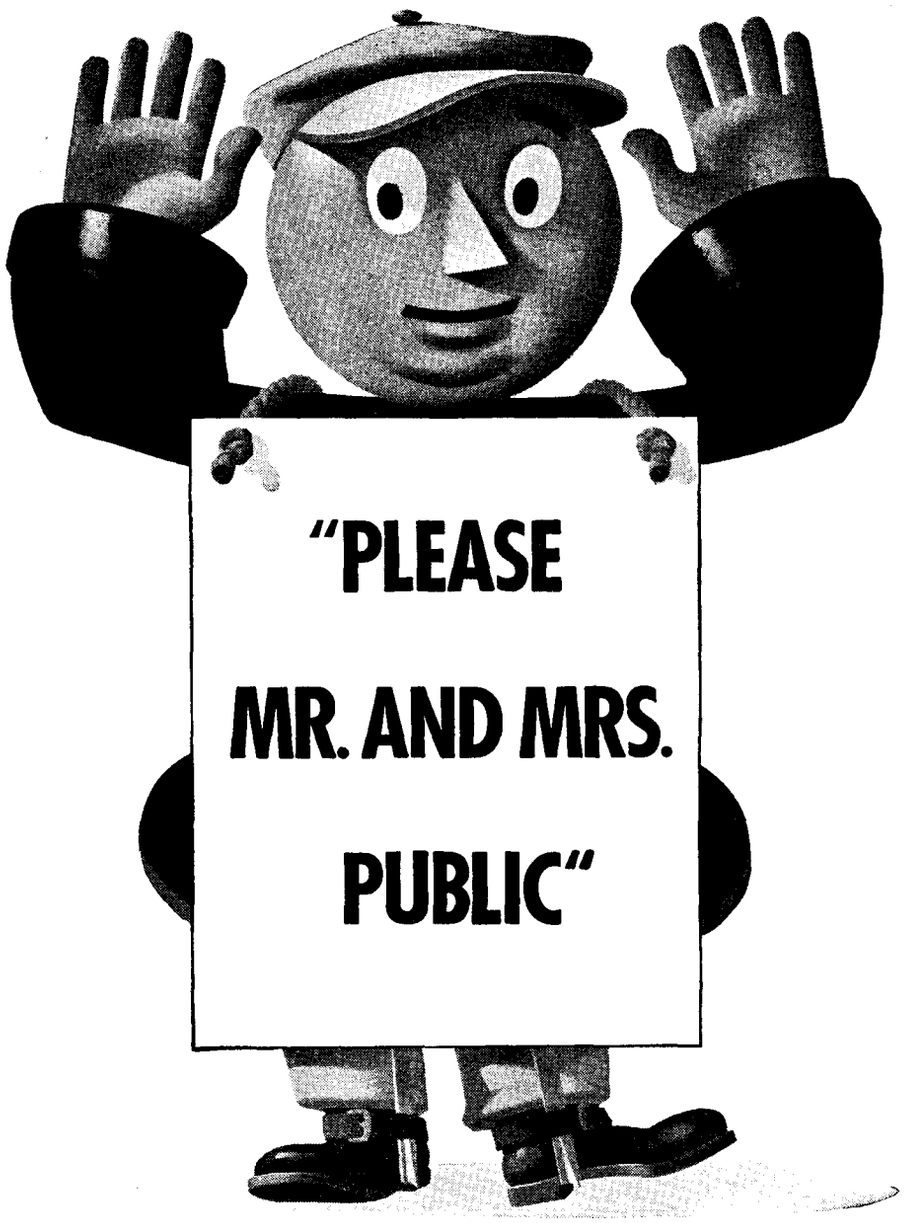

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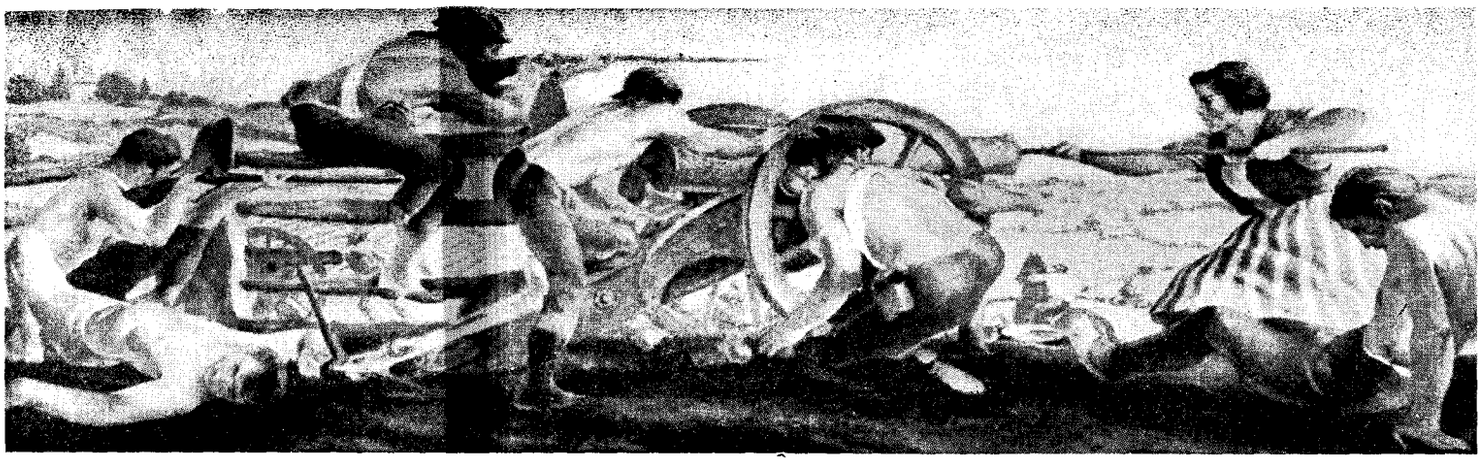

—"Molly Pitcher," from the mural study by Gerald S. Foster.

Re-Dedication for America

A Job on a World-Wide Scale Confronts the American People

ALLAN NEVINS

THE Fourth of July carries down the decades, through peace and through war, an atmosphere of its own. It is universally—and fittingly—regarded as an occasion not for self-criticism, despondency, or repentence, but for celebrating our triumphs and drawing strength from our achievements. We can give three hundred and sixty days in the year to a scrutiny of our faults and the drafting of good resolutions. But just as we set apart one day for rendering thanks, and another for honoring the heroic dead, we have a day for looking back upon the splendid aspects of our history and taking inspiration in the nation's successes. In wartime, particularly, we are entitled to recall with pride the valor, fortitude, resourcefulness, and energy which we have devoted to defending and illustrating the basic principles of the republic.

But the themes which Americans have emphasized in this annual celebration have changed with the generations, and are still mutable. What is the essence of our national success? What are the unique American triumphs? For long decades Americans cited on the Fourth two great proofs that the men of 1776 had not wrought amiss: the efficiency of our republican institutions, and the steady march of our material progress. These were the achievements that seemed most impressive and distinctive. Our view of the nation's destiny and responsibilities was limited. Most of the old-time Independence Day speakers—as anyone may see by turning to the essay-orations of George William Curtis, Henry Ward Beecher, Charles Francis Adams, William M. Evarts, and Robert C. Winthrop—held that these two salient types of success gave us a deserved eminence among nations. Obviously, they were closely bound together; we prospered materially because our political institutions worked well, and our institutions worked well because we prospered.

IN the first sixty years after the Declaration, the emphasis naturally fell upon our special political progress. Our experiment in federal republicanism had been novel in both scope and character, and so remained until the Latin-American republics rose under our inspiration. The experiment was regarded with frank hostility by many Europeans, and dubiety by many more. "The elder dames, thy haughty peers, admire and hate thy blooming years." That it should so gloriously succeed; that it should gain stability and power with steady strides; that it should hold out such resplendent hope to other lands, copying our balanced powers, our popular suffrage, our scheme of representation, our safeguards for civil rights—these facts were dilated upon at many a country barbecue and in many a city square. The Jeffersonian eagle soared above the rockets; the scream of the Hülsemann note rang out above the cannon. We had proved the superiority of our modern democratic genius over the feudal and the old; we had shown that our political arrangements were a gymnasium of manly worth—that "a brave delight, fit for freedom's athletes, fills these arenas."

But by 1850 the twin theme of material achievement was receiving equal attention: our shorn and parcelled fields, our hiving populations, our reticulated and diffused wealth. So many leagues of forest and prairie overrun; so many teeming cities reared; so busy a network of turnpikes, canals, and railroads set up like a throbbing loom; so many mills, forges, and workshops lifting the standard of life—who could remain unimpressed? This was no mere pig-boast; it was the American echo of Carlyle—"Nature alone knows thee, acknowledges the bulk and strength of thee; thy Epic, unsung in words, is written in huge characters on the face of this planet; sea-moles, cotton-trades, railways, fleets, and cities, Indian Empires, Americas, New Hollands; legible throughout the solar system." Never before had such prodigious physical labors been performed in so short a time. What enterprise, what inventiveness, what persistence! As the Civil War merely confirmed the strength of our republican institutions, so it merely accelerated our material progress. And most Americans believed with Whitman that this growth established "the true gravitation-hold of liberalism in the United States."

We might well make groves ring on the Fourth with boasts of our freedom and wealth. But in time we moved to a third stage. We began to comprehend that good government is the prime consideration, and that a federal republican form is not the only good form; perhaps not even indusputably the best. We began to see that true progress is not measured in covering more square miles; amassing more dollars, and running up higher census figures. Hence arose a new tone in celebrations of the Fourth.

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One poet demanded a true American culture as "the crown and glory of all." But most plain Americans had a broader, tamer vision. By 1900 or 1910 they were talking of the fruits of the American spirit in terms of social service, moral growth, and intellectual enlightenment.

THEY boasted less of institutions and wealth; they talked more of the secure establishment of justice between rich and poor, white and black, immigrant and native; of better education for the young; of improving the administration of government; of protecting the savings of the wage-earner; of conserving natural resources; of caring for public health; of making the family relationship stronger; of lightening labor, and rendering leisure more abundant. We had many shortcomings in these fields to lament, but by 1914 we had many substantial achievements in which to take satisfaction—and we duly expressed our pride.

But our outlook in all these changing phases was bound by a common limitation. It is a limitation now in the process of being broken down, so that in the future many of us will think of an entirely new set of national successes on the day we celebrate.

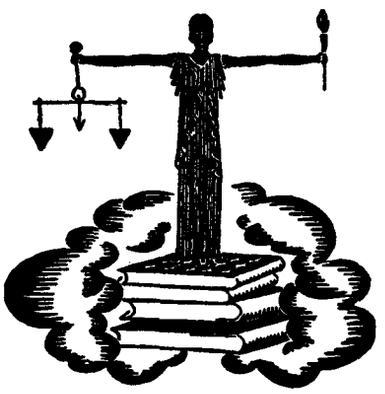
It is man's perdition to wish to be safe in a static world, when he should be ready to die for the truth in a world of flux. The common limitation of Americans in the filiopietistic or Jefferson Brick age, the age of material brag, and the social progress age, was that they anticipated a static world in which their children might realize every hope. There was a good time coming when citizens of the Great Republic might sit down, fold their hands, and say: It is done. This confidence arose largely from the fact that Americans had two great inheritances, which were a blessing only so long as their value was not overrated. One inheritance was the natural wealth of a continent richly stored with coal, iron, oil, copper, and fertile soil. The other inheritance was our governmental fabric, including the Constitution, and our fervent impulsive faith in it. Taken together, these twin inheritances seemed to assure America a destiny of special happiness. Herbert Croly, in "The Promise of American Life," remarked that our faith in this destiny, our certainty of final arrival in a Cockaigne-land of good-enough, gave us a deplorable national tendency to drift. We could take life easily, postpone problems, and shirk trials; still our natural wealth and our "institutions" would bring us out right. But a graver indictment than Croly's could be brought against this Hesperidean dream.

The deeper indictment was that it not only invited trouble—our habit of drifting brought us unpleasantly close to disaster in 1814, in 1861, and in 1933—but sapped the roots of national health. One fundamental conclusion of Arnold Toynbee's study of human history is that the advance of civilization depends on what he calls the law of challenge and response. Unhappy is the nation which thinks itself happy!—for it decays. People resting on prosperity sink in a quicksand; nations fighting to chip footholds in an ice-cliff of adversity rise. If the American spirit had a serious flaw from 1776 to 1914, it was that so many Americans believed that the beneficence of Nature and the wisdom of the Fathers had given us an amulet against stern and continuous struggle. The meditations of such Americans ran about as follows:

> In 1810: Representative government is an unquestioned success; we have more liberties than any other people, and more virtue; every citizen now accepts our sacred Constitution. Since we bought Louisiana, we may count on becoming the granary of the world. When we have sent successives waves of sturdy young men rolling across these rich regions from Canada to the Gulf, filling them with farms and towns; when we have built more turnpikes and canals, more schools and churches; when Europe is at peace and lets us alone—then we may enter into our goodly inheritance, rest, prosper, and live happily ever afterward.

> In 1850: Manifest Destiny has at last fulfilled itself. We are masters of the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific; this unexampled storehouse of wealth is all ours. Meanwhile, our shops, our mills, those mechanical inventions in which we lead the world, all multiply. The long struggle to round out our republican domain is ended. The struggle to subdue raw nature is more than half concluded. When we have completed our settlement of the empty West; when we have filled these three million square miles with railroads, steamships, and the other appurtenances of civilization; when we have muddled through this nightmare quarrel over slavery—then we shall sit under our own vine and fig tree, with none to make us afraid, and live happily ever afterward.

> In 1912: We have made ourselves one of the world's powers. Our flag flies over distant islands, and we are respected in international councils. Our manufactures, like our farm products, exceed those of any other land. Not only does our government work well and our wealth increase; we have learned to make needed social adjustments. Education is universal. We have taken predatory wealth under control. We have passed laws to protect the orphaned, the crippled, and the widowed. Every year we put new evidence our our social conscience on the statute books. Our problems and maladjustments proved greater than we had anticipated. But when we have fully restored government to the people, and have pushed our social program nearer completion—than we can enjoy our New Freedom, we can cultivate the arts, we can be prosperous and live happily ever afterward.



IN so far as Americans adopted these attitudes, they committed two serious errors: They overestimated their inheritance, and underestimated the demands upon themselves as inheritors. Our natural wealth was prodigious; greater even than early estimates indicated. But it nevertheless proved inadequate, as the nation grew crowded and problems of industrialism multiplied, to furnish the universal prosperity that had been prophesied. Whether or not a third of the people were badly house, badly clothed, and badly fed (and certainly a third were badly educated), large fractions fell into these categories. The last reference to the Hesperidean vision came in Mr. Hoover's poverty-almost-abolished, two-cars-in-every-garage campaign; since then that oracle has been dumb.

And—rectifying the saddest miscalculation of all—America finds that it has a rich inheritor's responsibilities. The wealth which it thought was to be all its own has instead to be shared. When Americans were winning their independence, consolidating their unity, and hewing their way across the continent, they said: "This is for us and our posterity. The rest of the world is far away and must make the best of its unhappy lot. We have earned this, we shall keep it, and we shall enjoy it." But suddenly the rest of the world is at our door, its cries of want and pain jarring our selfishness. More than that, we find that its disasters are our disasters, its poverty is our poverty. Immutable laws of social and economic hydrostatics connect our lot with that of the rest of mankind. As their level rises and falls, so does ours. Our wealth, material, cultural, and moral, in brains, energy, goods, and vision, is not to be hugged to our bosoms; we are in part trustees and distributors, not possessors. How much we have shared since 1914 in gifts, loans, and pooled resources!—how much we are plainly destined to continue sharing! Nor need we lament this. Longfellow's apostrophe to our Ship

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of State (why be ashamed to quote it?) made the craft noble and significant not because it sheltered its own crew well, but because

Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.

Gone the dream of security, plenty, ease and in its place we have a new outlook, which will permanently and rapidly—yes, rapidly—change the American spirit. Once we looked Westward and inward for the American future. Hereafter we must look all about us, for we are members of the planetary family and share the lot of every clime and people. Once we looked forward to an end of harsh struggling, and a day when our unstable horizon would stiffen into fixity. Now we know that our horizon must go on expanding till it is as wide as the world's, and that our struggle will end only with mankind's. "Do the elder nations falter?"—well, the resolute pioneering element in America will "take up the task eternal, and the burden, and the lessons." Philosophic students of history will find no misfortune for this, for it is not struggle that harms a people, but inertia; not expenditure of wealth and energy, but stinginess and indolence; not altruism, but selfishness.

No man need worry about our national patriotism. Patriotism is of the heart; regard for mankind at large is of the head. Our hearts will always prompt us to an adequate love of our city, state, and country. But our republic was born under the influence of Lockean ideas of the importance of mankind at large, and we can well hark back to these sound eighteenth century ideas. "Man is an animal adapted for living in a city state," said Aristotle in the first book of the "Politics"; the time has come when the definition needs enlargement—"Man is an animal adapted for living in an organized world"—and when America should be foremost in giving force to the new concept. The most inspiring chapters of American history deal with periods in which the horizons and ambitions of the nation have been suddenly enlarged, with a resultant outburst of strenuous activity. The most distressing periods have been those in which the nation sat down to enjoy easy gains; for then class arrayed itself against class, and special interest strove with special interest. It is the larger vision which leads a people to forget petty and selfish aims, and such a vision should be ours now. In Washington's day it was glorious to fight for the liberties of a group of infant states, and in Lincoln's day to sustain the example of freedom in half a continent. Is it less glorious now for the United States to be the leader of the embattled democracies of the globe, fighting to disenthral mankind from war and exploitation, and to usher in an age of peace and progress?

"The American dream" has always been a bad phrase; "the American ambition" is better, for it implies a consciousness that great objects are gained only by strenuous planning and hard battling. It was once the American ambitions to set up an efficient, well-balanced set of republican institutions—and we succeeded. It was later the American ambition to develop our natural wealth on a scale unprecedented in history—and we again succeeded. Later still we turned to the quest for social justice, and realized much of that ambition by rigorous experimentation and crusading. Now it must be our ambition to help restore order on this racked, agonized, exhausted planet, and to make that order permanent; to set up world institutions which shall promote justice and progress; to give humanity something of that sense of comradeship which infuses our own congeries of national stocks. We shall never be more American than in doing this. It is the true American spirit to look for pioneering causes, and to accept ever-growing responsibilities. If we play our part well, our children's children will celebrate the Fourth by pointing to what Americans have done to make the whole round world safer, juster, and brighter.

The Creed of Pearl S. Buck

WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME. By Pearl S. Buck. New York: The John Day Co. 1943. 212 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ALVIN JOHNSON

NO one can read anything by Pearl Buck without profit. She is brave, she is human, she has depth of insight and an unerring instinct for true values. Her heart sets her conclusions and her head fortifies them by argument. The heart does a superb job, though the head may not keep pace with it.

This book is mainly a reprint of occasional essays and lectures; nevertheless it maintains an essential unity. Pearl Buck addresses herself to war and peace, the real war behind the tragic struggle of men on land and sea and in the air; the real peace which must far transcend the congeries of compromises that will make up any treaty of peace. The real war is the struggle between men who would enslave and men who would be free. Both parties are represented in every country. We have the enslaving horde scattered among us; the propagators of racial intolerance, the classes that inveigh against the incompetence of democracy, themselves active agents in laming the efforts of democracy. We and all other nations have a vast number of men who wish freedom for themselves and for all other men. These are generally the common people.

The real war will not be won until imperialism has been destroyed. And imperialism will not be destroyed until the hideous delusion of the superiority of one race over another has been expelled to the limbo of criminal imaginings. We are sinners all. The British with their insistence upon continued rule in India, the Dutch with their teeming islands, the French with their dubiously administered colonies, ourselves with our Jim Crowism—we are all besmirched with the vices that accumulate until the world is forced to try, though futilely, to wash itself clean with blood.

So far Pearl Buck's heart speaks, and speaks well. When she makes race prejudice merely a matter of color and treats the problems of the Orient, Africa, and the Deep South as one, her head speaks, and not so well. We did not exclude Chinese and Japanese on account of their color, but on account of their capacity to demoralize the labor market. We have hosts of citizens afflicted with the loathsome disease of anti-Semitism, which has nothing to do with color. Japanese propaganda has proclaimed a common cause with our oppressed Negroes, but everyone knows that the Japanese despise the Negro even more than the white man.

Pearl Buck accepts the view that it is neglect of the Chinese that makes England and America concentrate upon defeating Germany first, while China, ill-equipped, struggles desperately against an enemy commanding all the most powerful arms. This is headwork again, not adequately done. Modern war is a vast engineering operation, and the layman's hunches are of small value in laying out a campaign.

But what of it if Pearl Buck's statecraft, military science, economics, and geography may be sub-standard? Her main thesis is irrefutable. The defeat of Hitler, Mussolini, and Japan is only a preliminary condition to the winning of the real war, the war for freedom for all humanity, for justice and for the peaceful and cordial coöperation of all peoples, all races. And this war cannot wait for the order to ground arms. We need to prepare for it now, and with all our moral energies.

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Books for Bonds

Authors Are Outdoing Movie Stars in the Bond Drive

MARK VAN DOREN

ON February 24 of this year the manuscripts of three American authors were sold at auction in Allentown, Pennsylvania, for $800,000. The people who bought them, citizens of the town, got war bonds for their money, but the transaction was in the name of books and authors; and the occasion had meaning both for the war and for the prestige of literature in the United States.

Allentown was an experiment, a trial rally conducted by the Books-for-Bonds Committee which Julian Street, Jr., of the War Savings Staff in New York, had inspired to organize itself. The question had been whether the writers of the country could demonstrate their solidarity in wartime—and specifically whether their presence in American cities could promote the sale of as many war bonds as the presence of movie stars, for instance, had promoted. The three authors who went to Allentown—Pearl Buck, Mildred Jordan, and Robert Lawson—ended up by steering twice as much Allentown money into the Treasury as James Cagney and other notables of Hollywood had done a few months before. This surprised everybody. But subsequent experiments have yielded even more surprising results.

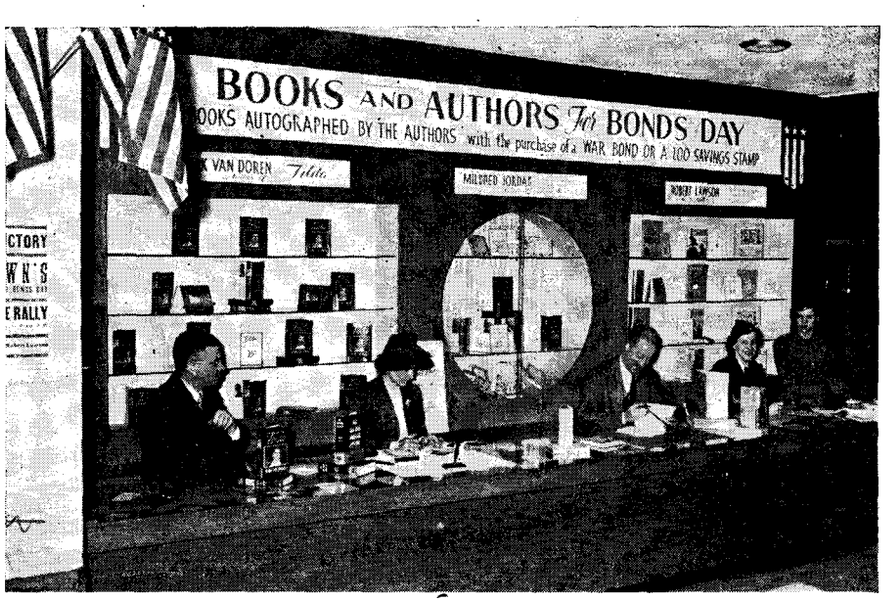
At New Britain, Connecticut, towards the end of May, three other authors—Edna Ferber, Otto Tolischus, and the writer of this article—sat in a high school auditorium and heard their manuscripts knocked down by a local auctioneer for something over a million dollars. At New Bedford, Massachusetts, a few evenings later, Ilka Chase, Carlos P. Romulo, and Cecil Roberts brought in two million dollars; at Springfield, Massachusetts, on June 1, Amea Willoughby, Ben Ames Williams, and again the writer of this article (but he will not appear a third time) collected $1,300,000; and on June 8, at Reading, Pennsylvania, Agnes Sligh Turnbull, Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Kurtz, and Carl Van Doren saw their offerings go for $1,009,269.

These were exciting times, and the procedure has now become typical enough to be described in terms of an outline which will henceforth be followed in many American cities including San Francisco, Chicago, and New York; for the experimental stage is over; the authors of America are in the war bond business until peace returns them to their desks. On the day which has been set, and incidentally prepared for on the ground by Martha Huddleston, representing the committee, and by a local host of librarians, club executives, business men, and War Savings experts, three authors appear in a city and go to work. It is strenuous work, but so far every author has liked it. He has been picked either by the committee, at the request of those in town who have their favorites, or by the Writer's War Board, that indispensable clearing-house.

At any rate, here they come, their expenses paid by their publishers—who as a body are underwriting the entire enterprise, since the United States Treasury does not pay to have its bonds sold by authors any more than it pays to have them sold by actors or baseball players—here they come, early in the day, and begin a round of the high schools, where they speak a minute or two apiece and listen to the students sing. During the afternoon there are other jobs: appearances at bookstores for autographs, unrehearsed broadcasts over one or more local stations to inform the citizens of the evening rally, a reception before dinner at the hotel or the country club, and indeed anything else that has been arranged. Then dinner, and at eight the big event, the rally itself. This usually takes place in the largest high school auditorium available, and it lasts two hours or more. The audience, which is always large, has paid to get in by the purchase of war bonds—the bigger the bond the better the seat, and I might remark here that the figures given above were gross figures, incorporating the proceeds from these admissions.

The platform is decorated with the persons not only of the authors but of a dozen or so other indispensables of the occasion: the chief librarian of the city, the auctioneer, the mayor if he is available, representatives of the Treasury, soldiers, sailors, or marines who happen to be home on furlough and who are not afraid to be stared at by their neighbors, and of course the master of ceremonies. There is also an individual, sent by the Treasury, accomplished in conducting song—for the audience will participate in this way—and from time to time still others appear from the floor, as for example Legionnaires who march up to post the colors.

THE master of ceremonies is usually of local origin, but at Springfield he was professional. He was Clifton Fadiman, and it goes without saying that he was effective, both on the high school stage and in the broadcasts during the afternoon. But the local emcee has in every case been a discovery too; and my conviction, based on attendance at three of the rallies, is that every city has at least one genius for the job. At Allentown this was Judge Henninger, a wit if I ever saw one; at New Britain it was Dr. Frederick Ferry, once president of Hamilton College, and I have never listened to more graceful or perfect introduc-


BOOKS AND AUTHORS for BONDS DAY
OOKS AUTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHORS with the purchase of a WAR BOND OR A 100 SAVINGS STAMP
MILDRED JORDAN
ROBERT LAWSON

Mark Van Doren, Mildred Jordan, and Robert Lawson autographing books for purchasers in the book department of Hess Bros., Allentown, Pa.

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tions than those he had so scrupulously prepared; at Springfield, where to be sure Clifton Fadiman ruled with a firm hand, William Taylor, president of one of the banks, filled the parallel position of auctioneer with such high spirits as to give the impression that he had once been a partner in "Information, Please," or some day might be one. He was, in fact, a classmate of Mr. Fadiman at Columbia.

One very interesting feature of every rally I have attended has been its gaiety. The occasion is certainly serious, and nobody has obscured the fact; nor have the speeches of the authors been anything but brilliantly serious, at any rate after a light start. But the atmosphere of no meeting has been solemn in the wrong sense. Wit has not been absent; high spirits have been the expression of courage and strength. This in itself is something that authors are immediately understood by the audiences as "meaning." They do not have to pull long faces in order to show that for them the war is a momentous thing. Their characteristic activity is mental, their medium is the imagination; and so they aerate their theme.

Edna Ferber was the life of the party at New Britain, and this notwithstanding a passionate address which no member of the audience will forget. During the afternoon she had not only been witty but she had stimulated wit in others. So at the rally, where Mayor Quigley, himself a figure of the greatest charm, amazed and amused everybody by concluding his speech of welcome to the authors with the presentation to Miss Ferber, in the name of the citizens of New Britain, of a large paper bag containing a peck of potatoes. It seems that at dinner Miss Ferber had retailed the scandalous story of having recently been asked by a merchant twenty-five cents for a single potato. Mayor Quigley sent out for a peck of the precious article, and here he was turning to her and dumping the cargo in her lap. The rest of the evening she spent in pretending that the potatoes slowly disappeared. The bag, she whispered, was not as full as it had been; the Mayor, she thought, was sneaking them back. There was more background to all this than any outsider knew. Potatoes are important in the past of Mayor Quigley, and no campaign—he has been elected seven times—goes by without their being brought up for or against him. But that is local history, not pertinent here.

The wit of the authors is said to be the thing that makes their ideas remembered. A citizen of I have forgotten what town remarked as much when he was comparing books-for-bonds rallies with similar ones conducted by movie stars. The movie stars—Hedy Lamar, for instance—create a delightful disturbance in the factories they visit, and of course they sell bonds, and far be it from an author to deny their potency; but this citizen's point was that the authors, never of course so beautiful or so slim, nevertheless always said something that could be remembered, quoted, and used in further thought or conversation. It is wit that accomplishes this—the play of the mind. If an author has no mind he has nothing; and the discovery of this seems to be edifying.

So does the discovery that they have kept the manuscripts of their books—and, what is more impressive, that they are willing to give them up now. These documents, sent in advance and exhibited in a bookstore or the public library, are always of manifest interest to the people of the town; and their purchase, by the way, is in no case for individual benefit. They are presented after the auction—the climax of the rally—to the librarian who sits on the stage, and who accepts them for the town. They are often the most precious possessions of the authors on display. Robert Lawson, illustrator of "Ferdinand," sent to Allentown a number of his designs, as well as the complete manuscript, text, and pictures of a recent children's book. Pearl Buck gave over the original draft of her address at Allentown, and Mildred Jordan let go the manuscript of an unpublished novel. At New Britain, Otto Tolischus was represented by the typescript of his "Tokyo Record," and Edna Ferber contributed not only the manuscript of "American Beauty" but a heap of notes she had made for it—so wrong in some of their mathematical calculations, for example of the characters' ages, that the auctioneer had public fun with her about this. At New Bedford, Carlos Romulo permitted to be sold the script of one of his broadcasts from the tunnels of Bataan, with a letter about it from General MacArthur. Clifton Fadiman, who had no manuscript, insisting he was not an author, had his fountain pen snatched by William Taylor and sold at Chinese auction—every bid a sale—for something over $7,000. At Reading Agnes Sligh Turnbull gave a chapter of a novel, Carl Van Doren the manuscript of his "Swift," and Lieutenant-Colonel Kurtz his annotated corrections of W. L. White's manuscript of "Queens Die Proudly."

The total sum so far realized in war bonds, six millions plus, may seem slight compared with the "sale" the other day of one baseball player, Dixie Walker of the Dodgers, for $11,250,000. That is good too, and all the baseball players who brought $128,850,000 at a luncheon in New York are worth that staggering sum. But the interesting thing is that authors too have turned out to be valuable; that they can demonstrate their practical relations to total war; and that they are delightfully willing to do so.

Your Literary I. Q

By Howard Collins

A PATCHWORK POEM

The following effusion, technically known as a canto, consists of 20 lines from well-known poems. Can you name the author and the poem from which each line was taken? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. The answers are on page 11.

I wandered lonely as a cloud 1
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill; 2
It was many and many a year ago; 3
The night birds all that hour were still. 4
When first she gleamed upon my sight 5
(A perfect woman, nobly planned!) 6
Her hair was long, her foot was light; 7
She had three lilies in her hand, ... 8
A nest of robins in her hair, ... 9
A general flavor of mild decay; 10
She was as good as she was fair— 11
She was more fair than words can say. 12
That brave vibration each way free 13
Seemed to have known a better day 14
When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd. 15
(O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!) 16
'Tis better to have loved and lost, ... 17
But this alone I know full well: 18
She's all my fancy painted her, ... 19
A sight to dream of, not to tell! 20

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What the World Is Waiting For

THE DAY OF RECKONING. By Max Radin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 144 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

PROFESSOR RADIN has packed an enormous lot unto this small book, and the result is dramatic and both emotionally and cerebrally exciting. As to the law involved, I do not know, but coming as it does from one of the most eminent lawyers and teachers of law in the country, I imagine it is perfect. I will leave that to the lawyers, but without hesitation, and, as a mere layman, I suggest that they all buy the book. They will find it engrossing, they may find sources for wit-sharpening argument, and without any question they will be presented with a thesis that goes to the very foundation of law and its relation to society.

Nor am I any more of a playwright or dramatic critic than I am a lawyer, but I also have an idea that, public emotion and attention being what they are, this small book without a woman in it would make the most gripping sort of play; a play much like "There Shall Be No Night," where the action consists almost entirely of the clash of words, and of thoughts, the huge shadow of the world, helmeted and charioteered for war, galloping relentlessly off-stage.

Succinctly, this small book is the description of the supposed trial, in 1945, two years from now, the war having been won by the Allies, of seven leading Nazis; Hitler, Goebbels, Himmler, Funk, Gastein, Milch, and von Ribbentrop. For some reason Professor Radin allows Goering to escape through the comparatively easy gates of death —Goering, Professor Radin states, having been killed two months before the German capitulation by the Americans and British in an air-raid over Berlin. The trial is held in Luxembourg because it is a small, defenseless country, deeply insulted and cruelly ravaged by the Nazi Party and the German army. This choice of the smallest of the Allied states, this intention to play everything down, is symbolic, for the first of Professor Radin's theses is that the world will make a grave psychologic error, with long-lasting serious results, if it attempts to try the Nazi criminals under International Law, which they themselves have already abolished, and on portentous charges, and with the pomp and circumstance they themselves so much love. If this is done, then, no matter what the verdict, Hitler and his gang will have been allowed to create and participate in another of those Götterdämmerungs so dear to the German imagination. Instead, Professor Radin argues by implication, these men, stripped of their self-created pomposity, are in reality no more than murderous gangsters, no different in essence from any other Caponi, Dillinger, or Jack-the-Ripper. This being so, he has them tried by an International Court composed of a Russian, an Englishman, a Chinese, an Australian, and an American, all distinguished jurists, on the plain and simple charge of murder; three murders for which they were directly responsible, and, let it be noted, the murders of three inconspicuous enemy citizens—a Frenchman, a Czech, and a Russian.

This thesis of deflation is the first and the underlying thesis of "The Day of Reckoning," and it is an immensely important one. The second thesis, brought out during the trial, is what might be called a socio-legal one and is equally important for the world, perhaps more so in its implications, than the first, although Professor Radin does not stress it so much.

Laymen forget, and not a few too clever lawyers, that law is nothing more than the codified common sense and experience of the human race as it becomes increasingly civilized, discovered and steadily added to by trial and error during the centuries, the sole purpose of which is to permit men to live together in peace and justice; the weak with the strong, the helpless with the powerful; men with women, children with fathers, and so on indefinitely. The law, fundamentally, is a very simple matter, as simple as breathing, but it is also just as essential as breathing, and, if you strangle it, man dies as man and becomes once more a creature of the jungle. The strangling of the law (by the perversion and outwardly legal processes of the law itself) Professor Radin justly claims is one of the three major charges against the Nazi Party. The other two are murder in all its forms, and the assassination of "the Word"; or, in other terms, the truth.

Actually, that is what the Nazi Party, supported by the German generals, and by the vast majority of the German nation, has done, and that is why, whether all of us as yet clearly recognize it or not, in this war the loathing of freemen, their contempt, are greater than in any war since the war of the sixteenth century. We do not hate the Nazis and their adherents, in Germany and everywhere, as enemies, we despise them as men, and even the least thoughtful of us realize vaguely that over and above our homes, our lands, and "our ways of life," important as they are, we are defending something ultimate, no less than the Holy Grail of man's slow and agonized perception of the truth, and of justice, and of decency.

Max Radin has put Adolf Hitler and Company on trial.

It is the adroit and yet utterly stark and honest intention of Professor Radin's small book to show what happens, to present the nemesis of this attack upon man's struggle upward. Defended by an eminent and liberal German advocate, an anti-Nazi, Dr. Scheering, these criminals, Hitler, Goebbels, Himmler, Funk, Gastein, Milch, and von Ribbentrop, find themselves bereft of all defense because they have themselves destroyed the very law, international and otherwise, which might have protected them.

This is indeed a classic thesis and a classic fate.

One thing alone troubles me as a layman. Having disposed of the arch-criminals, the legally responsible ones, what, legally, does Professor Radin propose for those others, equally responsible ethically if not legally; the German junkers, the military caste, the heavy industrialists, and the minor leaders of the Nazi Party? It seems to me—and once more I claim immunity as a layman—that the very arguments by which the arch-criminals are condemned, principally the one of responsibility, would release those equally responsible who could bring forward the ancient plea of the irresponsibility of those who act under command with death as the penalty of refusal.

At all events, "The Day of Reckoning" is an extraordinarily interesting and exciting book, and presents a fertile field for argument during these summer months of mounting tension; the best and most useful form of argument, for no intelligent American will disagree except as to the most efficient way of punishing the criminals who for ten years or more have wrecked the world.

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Political "What Ifs"

THEY ALSO RAN. By Irving Stone. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1943. 389 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

IRVING STONE has made a most interesting study of the men who have been defeated for President of the United States running as candidates of the major parties. When the party system of nominations was definitely established, Henry Clay, who was defeated by Adams and Jackson, was the first of the notable figures in American history to go down to defeat as a Presidential candidate before the people. After Clay came Louis Cass, Winfield Scott, John C. Frémont, Stephen A. Douglas, George B. McClellan, Horatio Seymour, Horace Greeley, Samuel J. Tilden, General Winfield Scott Hancock, James G. Blaine, William Jennings Bryan, Alton B. Parker, Charles Evans Hughes, James M. Cox, John W. Davis, Alfred E. Smith, Alfred M. Landon, and Wendell Willkie.

Here are nineteen short biographies of men whom a considerable minority of the people of the United States deemed worthy to be President. With few exceptions they were men who intellectually and politically were really of Presidential size. Probably they were not defeated because of their personal shortcomings. Very likely they were defeated because of the drift against their parties and because of the apparent superiority in certain ways of their successful opponents. But in many cases this personal superiority was not real. It consisted in the cast of thought of the hour, in the political lineup of the opposing parties, and in one or two cases this personal distinction lay in what seems to have been the shoddy gift of sheer bull luck.

This study in potentialities in our American politics is well worth any student's time. The book is as competent a history of the issues that have been made in Presidential politics since the party system was devised as any single volume on American politics that has been published in recent years. Mr. Stone has done a tremendous lot of research and he has been on the whole fair in his estimates and sound in his conclusions about the issues at stake in these twenty and more presidential elections—twenty because Bryan and Clay were defeated more than once. Mr. Stone has attempted, and with success, to give a clear picture of each of these defeated statesmen, including in the picture some history of the times with illuminating social, economic, and political background. In each biography he has presented some analysis of each candidate's qualities. In addition to these he has set down here a sufficiently detailed account of the campaigns which these men lost, to explain their defeats. When the book is finished, the reader has a comprehensive picture of the political history of the United States since 1824 dramatized around nineteen men. Our first benevolent despot in the United States, if he has any sense at all, will direct the commissar of education to make this book of Mr. Stone's compulsory reading for every citizen of the Republic who has advanced politically as far as district judge or state senator. Moreover, if the despot is really doing a decent job, he will make a passing grade in this book necessary before any man can

Irving Stone writes of the men who didn't quite make it.

take office on the district bench or in the state senate, and from there on up! This would be a better country and more intelligently governed if American politicians who reach what might be called second base could know the story of their country as it is set down in "They Also Ran!"

Of course, Mr. Stone's estimates are human and reflect more or less his own point of view as a political writer for the press who is familiar with the Washington scene in the fourth and fifth decades of this century. Mr. Stone's judgments on the whole are likely to be more competent than those of an academician who makes his estimates after reading "many an ancient volume of forgotten lore." For after all Washington, D. C., is Washington, D. C., as it was in the beginning and shall be ever after so long as our political institutions are erected under our Constitution. Exteriors in Washington changed a little with the passing decades and generations. Men wear different clothes, they use different forms of transportation, they eat somewhat different kinds of foods, the vernacular of their conversation and their speeches changes a little as the world changes around them. But in 1824 when Henry Clay first ran for President as a candidate before the people, the chief interest in men and statesmen in Washington, D. C., centered on assembling majorities of the electorate behind politicians.

All statesmen for one hundred and twenty years and more in Washington have considered reëlection as the chief end of man. That ambition has been the mainspring of Washington life. The mainspring is as strong today as it was when Henry Clay went out to defeat Andrew Jackson. Patronage from Washington is distributed with exactly the same motives in the hearts of distributors that inspired them one hundred and twenty years ago. The shibboleths, slogans, banners, headlines, and nonsense of American politics of course change over the quadrenniums but the change is only one of words and not of the method—certainly not of intention of the phrase-makers. The phrase-makers are after votes and the phrases are largely sucker bait. Yet upon such rubbish democracy has worked and worked more successfully in the last hundred and fifty years than any other form of government has functioned. Mr. Stone's book, which revives all of these old and now forgotten clarion notes which seem cheaper and cheaper as they recede in the past, will strengthen one's faith in democracy. For if it can survive the sort of electioneering hokum that has been used through all these half a dozen generations, we may believe that something inherently sound is in the foundation of our political sytem. Mr. Stone has revived in this volume the sound of the tocsin and the boom of the empty bass drums and if amid these clamorous diversions he has permitted his own judgment of men sometimes to give a bias to his narrative here and there it is no serious fault of his work.

Specifically deponent believes that Mr. Stone has been fooled by William J. Bryan's intellectual deficiencies. Bryan was quite as vacant-minded as Mr. Stone depicts him. But Bryan was a vehicle, a vessel of wrath fitted unto the destruction of the plutocratic oligarchy built up after the Civil War by the American real estate boom. Under Bryan's leadership, millions of his fellow citizens and particularly his democratic partisans came to understand, (perhaps came to feel, is the better word) the essential inequities and the occasional gross in-

(*Continued on page* 21)

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Life on the Rock

I WAS ON CORREGIDOR. By Amea Willoughby. New York: Harper & Bros. 1943. 249 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

WHEN Amea Willoughby married Woodbury Willoughby in England in 1928 her lot promised to be interesting and varied but safe enough. A government financial expert, "Woody" was sent almost immediately to Poland and the next three years they lived in Warsaw. Back in the United States he worked

Amea Willoughby

in various departments for seven years more. Then in 1939 he was sent to Manila to act as Financial Advisor to Francis Sayre, High Commissioner of the Philippine Islands. It was in Manila that the real excitement and Mrs. Willoughby's book began. When they landed the war was on in Europe but it would be two years before Pearl Harbor would be bombed and to the Philippinos the war seemed remote and hardly their concern.

In the first chapters of her book Mrs. Willoughby writes informally of life in the Capital during those two years—of the officials and their wives and their parties, the difficulties of housekeeping, of trips through the islands, the heat, the natives, the Japanese, and of the mounting tension. The disaster at Pearl Harbor changed everything overnight. On December 10 the dreadful bombing of Manila began. Every day the news grew more somber, hopes of deliverance less tenable. The author describes these days realistically and the little feminine details that fill in the picture by their very insignificance add conviction to her story. On the day before Christmas the Sayres, the Willoughbys, accompanied by President Quezon and his party, and a skeleton staff were taken to Corregidor at the advice of General MacArthur. Then followed week after week of subterranean life in The Rock while the Japanese bombed them and shelled it incessantly. The physical discomforts and the mental anxiety mounted every day but so did the courage of the band and so did the heartening humor.

Again we have those details about which every woman wonders but which men writers generally ignore. How the ladies managed their laundry problems, what they wore, what they did about their hair. Insignificant matters all in a world war but nevertheless their answers help to convert an epic we can only read into a living adventure we can share. And when at last she and eight other civilians were taken off in a submarine where for ten long days and nights they were confined in its steel bowels, it is again the little things that make it real to us; the fearful workings of the toilet, the laundry that never dried in the humidity that stayed at ninety, the frightful oily heat and the fetid air of the submerging hours, the bridge games where they sat on the bunks in shirts and shorts, "all of us mopping interminably with towels at the exposed portions of our anatomies." But there is more to Mrs. Willoughby's story than humorously described discomforts. She gives us vivid glimpses of several important personages, of the effects of the bombings, of the removal of the Government's gold, of the officers and crew on the submarine. A personal and informal story this, and a heartening one.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Wordsworth: "I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud."
2. Scott: "The Lady of the Lake."
3. Poe: "Annabel Lee."
4. Coleridge: "Christabel."
5. Wordsworth: "She Was A Phantom of Delight."
6. Wordsworth: "She Was A Phantom of Delight."
7. Keats: "La Belle Dame Sans Merci."
8. Rossetti: "The Blessed Damozel."
9. Joyce Kilmer: "Trees."
10. Holmes: "The Deacon's Masterpiece."
11. Samuel Rogers: "Jacqueline."
12. Tennyson: "The Beggar Maid."
13. Herrick: "Upon Julia's Clothes."
14. Scott: "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."
15. Whitman: "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd."
16. Lewis Carroll: "Jabberwocky."
17. Tennyson: "In Memoriam."
18. Tom Brown: "I Do Not Love Thee, Doctor Fell.
19. William Mee: "Alice Day."
20. Coleridge: "Christabel."

Yesterday and Today

LATE AND SOON. By E. M. Delafield. New York: Harper & Bros. 1943. 301 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THIS is not a very long novel as they are measured today, being barely three hundred pages, but it would have gained immensely in effectiveness had it been pruned further by about a hundred pages. Not that it ever lags or seems really padded; Miss Delafield is too good a writer for that. But the love story she tells here is so essentially simple in outline and limited in scope, so delicate in the tone she has given it, that it would have had a more concentrated force within a smaller space, instead of seeming a little dissipated in strength, a little overtold.

The real characters are few—a charming British lady in her forties, an old lover who is brought back straight to her house by the fortunes of war billeting, and her daughter, a hard, forthright, modern thing who has managed to have a violent affair with this same officer, in London. The coincidences may seem at first blush a little hard to take, but Miss Delafield does wonders with her people,

E. M. Delafield

the gentle Victorian-spirited Valentine, the bitter Primrose (strangely named), and the emotional, confused Colonel Lonergan. The story is soon told. The overtones tremble in the air about them, and they move to swift resolution. Some unnecessary characters are there to be eliminated, and some unnecessary chatter over tea things and gardens, but the love story is the thing, and it holds up beautifully.

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DON'T TELL ME, I KNOW

THE recent difficulties of the O. W.I. in getting support from Congress seem to be due to four main causes.

The first may be called errors in judgment and in carrying on its highly important job. These have not been one half, or one tenth, as numerous as the mistakes of some other government agencies. They have been promptly admitted and corrected by Elmer Davis, who is certainly one of the most candid, most able, and most personally disinterested of all government chiefs. Furthermore, the critics of the O.W.I., who make ten absurd charges for one just criticism, have shown more aptitude for wrecking than knowledge of what domestic information and foreign propaganda mean and do in a war like this one.

The second is the political line taken by the Republican minority and dissident Democrats. This line is to attack all administration agencies whenever an opportunity occurs (and there are naturally plenty of them) or can be manufactured. Many a patriotic member of Congress follows this line with the laudable purpose of checking and correcting the bureaucracy by which a government increasingly centralized has to be run. But the result is to discredit all government executives and government servants. This is politically shortsighted, for the Republicans, if and when they come to power, will certainly have to employ a bureaucracy, and may well find the public educated in a general distrust of all government agencies, no matter how staffed. In the meantime, this party line makes government work for the really able a thankless task. Consider the case of a $50,000 executive working for Uncle Sam at $8,000 a year who is attacked as a bureaucratic burden on the public purse when his agency adds $1,000 a year to help his expense account! The O.W.I. employing writers (any one can write!), journalists (you know what reporters are!), historians (why do we need history?), and talent from the radio and moving-picture professions, where the art of communication has reached its peak (but why do we have to be told or shown anything, don't we *know!*) is peculiarly vulnerable when the party line tells the plain people that a lot of intellectuals are trying to educate them and at their own expense.

For a third cause, the O.W.I., unfortunately, has to deal in opinion as well as in fact. There must be some opinion in order to select the facts to be distributed. War and domestic conflict look one way to an isolationist and another to an anti-isolationist, and the facts impressed upon one and passed on by him will be very different from the outgivings of the other. The O.W.I., like the majority in the country, is definitely not isolationist, but there are plenty of the other school still unwilling to argue since events have discredited them, but eager to bite and buck.

The fourth cause is a profound misunderstanding of the nature and importance of propaganda in this war. Very slowly and reluctantly there has been a general admission that we ought to present our case to the enemy peoples, that they should know what kind of world we propose, and even what their place, after defeat, may be in that world. Yet it is still possible, and common, for this demagogue or that to cry, let's get on with the war, and stop fooling with words, and be greeted by shouts of approval. How can this happen after the history of Hitler's conquest of Europe by words,—by words, it is true, backed by arms, but still a propaganda that in the lowest estimates reduced his fighting in the 1930's and early 1940's by fifty per cent, and sealed his victories before the armies marched in? How this can happen, is to be explained only by a failure somewhere to make our own people aware of all the relevant facts about this war and their own share in it. No argument is really necessary—the facts argue for themselves. But an organized and non-partisan distribution of these facts is as much a concern of the government as is general education in peacetime. The O.W.I. has been given this job. It has not, in a rapidly expanding emergency, always done it well, but who or what will do it better—speeches in Congress, magazine articles with a class distribution, newspapers depending, as a rule, upon correspondents not human interest reports, and editorials not much read? We need all these, but they are not enough. We have doctors, but also a public health service. We have books but also state departments of education to see that they are taught. Pity the poor O.W. I., whose job it is to counter the very human tendency of the country to resist the intrusion of fact—for fact in wartime is usually unpleasant.

These are just a few of the many considerations that should be taken into account by the intelligent who wonder why the loudspeakers of Congress have begun to blare at the agency whose task it is to make the facts of the war articulate. H. S. C.

This Is the Time

By Miriam Allen deFord

THIS is the time that spews out the aberrant excellence,
Selects good at random for mere survival-value.
Luck, chance, toughness, these are your assets.
Though you be Shakespeare or Plato, you are not exempted
From the terror of the midnight knock on the door.

This is the time as well for its own kind of choosing—
For the young, for the high of heart, for the impervious nerves.
It is the time for the dream that becomes action,
For the special dream whose action is attack.

They are fallen now, all the white eburnean towers,
They are burst, the bright bubbles that reflected a private world.

It is a good time for the think-alikers and the doers-together,
A bad time for the men who are formed
Only to wait at midnight for the double knock on the door.

It is our time. There is no escape from it.
We shall face it. When the knock sounds we shall open.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Lamartine Hat

Several weeks ago on this page, Gustave Lamartine, former head of the French Academy of Design, disclosed that the present hat vogue traces to a bet he made with the late Max Gerhardt. M. Lamartine wagered that he could create an abominable hat style which would be widely accepted on the strength of his name. M. Lamartine revealed that he won the bet and is anxious now to call off the style he created because of the critical materials going into the hat which are being diverted from the war effort.

A heavy mail to this page followed the publication of this letter. There is space this week for only three letters, one of which is from Dr. Gerhardt's daughter.

SIR: As the daughter of Max Gerhardt, with whom M. Lamartine made his now widely publicized wager, may I state for the record my father's true position since he is not alive to defend himself. M. Lamartine, whom my father greatly admired, says that when my father acknowledged he lost the bet, he (my father) asked that nothing be done to reveal what had actually happened, lest the millinery industry be injured.

This is not quite true. My father did concede he was wrong in claiming it would be impossible to have the world accept such a fantastic hat as M. Lamartine created, but he insisted that M. Lamartine first create a new and truly beautiful style which would take the place of the grotesque head-piece. Then, with all the old hats out of the way, M. Lamartine could tell the full story. What my father feared was poor timing, and nothing else.

Despite my father's continued pleas for a new hat to replace the frightful things women were wearing, M. Lamartine did nothing. The fault is all his. Five years ago he could have restored sanity to women's hats as easily as he might snap his fingers. But for some strange reason—I suspect he took a perverse delight in perpetuating the phantasmagoria—he stood aside. Only now has M. Lamartine discovered his conscience. But, I am afraid, it is now too late. I fear the style has calcified. I doubt whether even the appeal of essential materials for the war effort can change it.

EDITH GERHARDT LINSSER.
New York, N. Y.

SIR: I recognize and applaud the patriotic reasons calling for discontinuance of the present hat style, as set forth by M. Lamartine, but there are other compelling reasons which make the case even stronger.

Let me speak as a physician, since I lay no claim to expertness in the field of women's fashions. Has it ever occurred to women that the hat pin (made necessary because M. Lamartin's creation was deliberately designed not to fit the human head and therefore had to be fastened by artificial means) is an actual and potential hazard to the health of our female population? It should be obvious that every time a woman thrusts a long sharp object through her hat she invites a whole series of injuries, some of them extremely serious.

"Can't you see what this means, Johnson? This new women's army makes us a war industry!"

Consider for a moment the case of Mrs. X, anxious to fasten her hat to her head as quickly as possible because she is late for an appointment. In her haste and eagerness, she accidentally plunges the long pin into the scalp, where it penetrates the subcuticular tissues and possibly even the galea aponeurotica. Does she stop to disinfect the wound? No. She makes another and more careful stab, succeeds this time in attaching the hat, and hurries to keep her appointment. And that is how the trouble begins.

Now the blood vessels of the scalp are profuse and provide a good blood supply. This makes the chances of infection not so great as with other parts of the body. Nevertheless, it is unwise to risk the danger of infection wherever a break-through of the dermis may occur. And the consequences of scalp infection from certain types of germs are ominous indeed. It does not have to be a deep puncture—that is, one that may penetrate the cranial vault or brainpan and enter the durimater. Let us say it is merely the type of injury already referred to in connection with Mrs. X. Should an infection set in, there is the possibility that it may spread to the cavernous sinuses where it may produce a thrombosis. This is almost always fatal.

Or let us suppose that there are anaeurobic germs on the point of the pin. This would be very unfortunate, for there may be a subcutaneous emphysema or other complications caused by the bacillus Welchii. In such a case, the entire scalp would be lifted right off the head. This, too, can be conclusively fatal.

Then, of course, there are the more obvious possibilities such as tetanus, meningitis, cellulitis, and countless other diseases which seek to entrench themselves depending upon the type of infection.

I don't want to be a killjoy. If only women would be careful enough to carry around with them a small quantity of antiseptic and bandage, daubing their scalps every time they miscalculate with their hat pins, I should gladly waive my objections as a physician. Still, even if they are wise enough to do this, there remains the patriotic aspect of the thing mentioned by M. Larmartine. I wish I knew what could be done.

WILLIAM M. HITZIG, M.D.
New York, N. Y.

SIR: It remains for a literary magazine to perform one of the most needed services to the nation of the last decade. I am referring, of course, to the amazing Lamartine disclosures. More power to your letters page!

ARMAND DUPRÉ.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

RICHARD BAUER, the paper tycoon, was horrified to hear me admit not long ago that I had never seen a paper mill in operation. Being a gentleman of much force and persuasion, he had me plodding through an upstate mill before I could explain to him that the Cerfs are famous for not knowing the difference between a screw driver and a hydraulic pump. Everybody took pity on my ignorance, and described operations in a tone that I usually reserve for my two-year-old Christopher; their relief was obvious when they finally led me to an automatic log-chopper and heard me exclaim, "Ah, I think I know what you're doing at this spot." I spent the rest of the day trying to get the grease off my pants, and dreaming of the gentlemen I'd like to deposit in the chopping machine. . . . We spent the night at Saratoga, whose old hotels, with their double-decked verandahs and marble-floored lobbies, are a Currier and Ives print come to life. Joe E. Lewis once spent a night at Saratoga's Grand Union Hotel. At three in the morning, he swears he heard his closet door creak, and saw a Confederate soldier step out to demand: "Who's winning?" Naturally, Joe couldn't sleep after that. Besides, the railroad station was directly below, and a switching engine kept shunting cars back and forth incessantly. Finally Joe summoned the night clerk. "Maybe you can tell me," he suggested, "what time this hotel reaches Chicago!" . . .

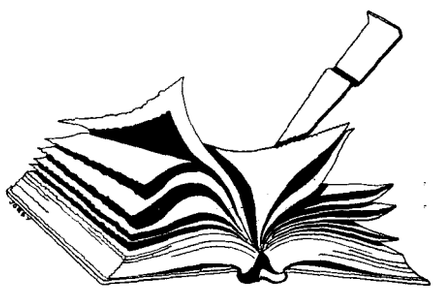
THORNTON WILDER'S "The Skin of Our Teeth" has now received the accolade of a Pulitzer Prize, but still the author says nothing to refute the charge that he found much of his basic material in James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake." In this connection, Herbert Wise points out an interesting parallel in Wilder's "Our Town" and Joyce's "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." Quote from "Our Town" (page 54)

> REBECCA: I never told you about that letter Jane Crofut got from her minister when she was sick. On the envelope the address was like this: Jane Crofut; The Crofut Farm; Grover's Corners; Sutton County; New Hampshire; United States of America.
>
> GEORGE: What's funny about that?
>
> REBECCA: But listen, it's not finished: the United States of America; Continent of North America; Western Hemisphere; the Earth; the Solar System; the Universe; the Mind of God—that's what it said on the envelope!

Quote from "A Portrait of the Artist" (page 11)

> He turned to the flyleaf of the geography and read what he had written there:
>
> Stephen Dedalus
> Class of Elements
> Clongowes Wood College
> Sallins
> County Kildare
> Ireland
> Europe
> The World
> The Universe
>
> What was after the universe? Nothing. But was there anything round the universe to show where it stopped before the nothing place began? It could not be a wall but there could be a thin thin line there all around everything. It was very big to think about everything and everywhere. Only God could do that. He tried to think what a big thought that must be but he could only think of God. . . .

CAPTAIN JOE FOSS, the South Dakota boy who shot down twenty-six Jap planes on Guadalcanal (President Roosevelt proclaimed it "an aerial combat achievement unsurpassed in this war") is writing a book about his exploits for Dutton's. . . . Macmillan will publish a book on the Far East by J. B. Powell, the heroic Shanghai editor who won the honor of being the Nips' Public Enemy Number One. . . . Keep an eye peeled for a Scribner novel about India called "Indigo," by Christine Weston. It's headed for Page One reviews. . . . Whittlesey House announces that Bellamy Partridge, author of "Country Lawyer," has named his new opus "Excuse My Dust." It concerns the day when citizens were abandoning their horses and buggies for early model automobiles. (And how they wish they had those buggies back again!) Dorothy Parker once vowed that she would order the words "excuse my dust" carved upon her gravestone. . . . Houghton Mifflin expect big things of Roi Ottley's "New World A-Coming," a story of Negro America, as seen through its capital city, Harlem. . . . The 1943 volume of "The Best American Short Stories" is dedicated to Irwin Shaw. When the editor, Martha Foley, asked Shaw for biographical material, he wrote back, "I am a private in the United States Army, and we seem to be winning." . . .



AUTHORS, PUBLISHERS, booksellers, and librarians didn't realize how important the O.W.I. was to them until a sudden putsch by an unruly House of Representatives threatened to abolish the agency. If members of Congress do not read all the telegrams they receive, it's certain at least that they count them. Write or wire your own Senator. Elmer Davis is too swell and too important a gent to be offered up as a sacrificial goat on the altar of reaction. . . .

THE BEST-KNOWN bibliophile in the Hollywood colony is Jean Hersholt, well-loved Danish actor who created the role of Dr. Christian on the screen and radio. Hersholt's collection of "firsts" ranks with the country's finest. His translation of Andersen's "Fairy Tales" was incorporated into a beautiful production of the Limited Editions Club last fall. He recently addressed the staff of the Library of Congress at the invitation of Archibald MacLeish. When the late Dr. Dafoe visited Hersholt last winter, he picked out five or six of the rarest items in the library (they were worth conservatively twenty thousand dollars) and horrified the collector with a casual "Jean, I have lots of time for reading during those long nights in Canada. Do you mind if I cart these worn-out looking books home with me? They're too shabby for a fine library like yours anyhow!"

Every year Jean Hersholt's radio program offers prizes for the best dozen original scripts involving new adventures of Dr. Christian, and thousands of ambitious souls compete for the honors. This year I acted as one of the judges that awarded the first prize (two thousand dollars) to an ingenious script submitted by Nelson Bond, of Roanoke, Virginia.

DR. CHRISTIAN, according to Mr. Bond's story, was an ineffectual, namby-pamby young man when he was graduated from Berlin's finest medical college years ago. His sister kept house for him, but was out of patience with his lack of initiative. The roof of their flat leaked, the plaster was cracked, the paper was flaking from the walls, but the land-

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lord pooh-poohed Dr. Christian's plea for renovation on the grounds that labor was unobtainable, and that the inflation had ruined his business anyway. As a matter of fact, this was the very height of the German Republic's disastrous inflation spiral. One American dollar was worth a million marks.

One afternoon the young doctor dropped in at a public auction in Wilhelmstrasse, and his eye was caught by an ornate, curiously fashioned ring that came under the hammer. He found himself bidding heatedly for it, in competition with an old priest, who was very agitated. The priest shook his head helplessly when Dr. Christian bid thirty million marks. The doctor slipped the ring onto his finger, and walked toward his home. Unusual things began to happen immediately.

First, a pair of bandits, brandishing guns and running pell-mell to escape pursuing police, catapulted into Dr. Christian's arms. Strangely unafraid, the doctor seized and disarmed them, and turned them over to the policeman, who complimented him on his bravery and presence of mind. Then, when he arrived at his home, he read of the arrival in Berlin of the head of a famous American research institute. Dr. Christian, formerly so lacking in initiative, promptly strode to the telephone, called the great specialist, and talked his way into a job at five times the salary he had envisioned in his wildest dreams. "You sound mighty cocky and sure of yourself," the American said on the phone. "I like young men of your stripe around me!" Dr. Christian next collared his landlord, and cowed that individual so completely that he promised to have a crew redecorating the apartment the very next day. "Suddenly I feel able to make everybody do what I want," said the doctor in a somewhat surprised tone.

Two days later there came a knock at the front door, and Dr. Christian discovered that his visitor was the selfsame priest who had bid against him for the old ring. "Doctor," began the priest, "let us not beat about the bush. I've got to have that ring! I couldn't meet your bid of thirty million marks at the auction, but now I'm prepared to give you a hundred million for it!"

"I cannot understand your insistence on possessing that trifling bauble," wondered Dr. Christian.

"Ah, but it's the farthest thing possible from a trifling bauble," the priest said gravely. "That ring is a terrible force for evil. It must be destroyed at all costs, before it does further injury to the entire human race! It belonged originally to Judas Iscariot. Centuries later it fell into the hands

of Ghengis Khan, and then Napoleon. The last man who owned it was the Kaiser. It gives everyone who owns it overwhelming delusions of grandeur, and the ability to make whole peoples do his bidding!"

"I've noticed myself," said the doctor, "that ever since I've worn the ring I've been imbued with a strange power over people."

"Get rid of it before it is too late," pleaded the priest. "Soon you will find it making you do terrible things! Not only you, but the whole world will suffer!"

The doctor could not help but be impressed with the priest's passionate plea. "The ring is on the bureau in my bedroom," he said. "I've got some men putting new paper on the walls there, but, if I can get past the scaffolding, I'll fetch the cursed ring for you."

But the ring was nowhere to be found. Dr. Christian searched high and low for it. Finally he summoned the foreman, who clapped his hand to his head when he heard that the ring had disappeared. "Ach," he exclaimed, "it's that schweinhund I threw off the job this morning! I'll bet he stole it! He was worthless from the day he started to work for me!"

"It is vitally important that I get that ring back at once!" cried Dr. Christian. "What was your workman's name? Where does he live?"

The foreman opened his record book. "I never did get his address," he said, "but I remember that he had a queer sort of name. I don't think he even was a German. Ah yes, here it is sir . . . . ADOLF SCHICKELGRUBER!" . . .

BENNETT CERF.

25,000 pigs roamed the New York streets in 1789

Garbage and sewage were once tossed helter skelter into New York's streets, there to become the property of sun, rain, wind, and a great thriving army of pigs — thus, an 18th Century gentleman handy with a length of rope, could always be sure of bringing home the bacon. For a complete picture of the odd, interesting New York of post-Revolutionary days, be sure to read *This Was New York.*

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"Messrs. Monaghan and Lowenthal have found much that is picturesque and amusing, and they have presented their information with consistent sprightliness." —ALLAN NEVINS, *Book-of-the-Month Club News*

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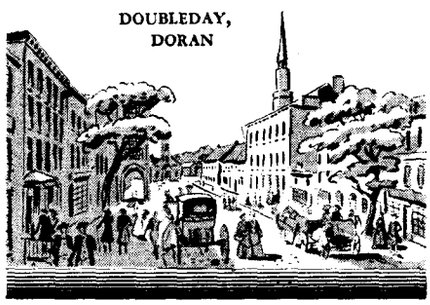

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Democratic Thinking Forges Ahead

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by T. V. Smith
Clarence H. Faust
Frank H. Knight
Edited by Charner M. Perry

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by

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Air Defense Over Africa

"WILDCATS" OVER CASABLANCA. By Lieut. M. T. Wordell, U.S.N., and Lieut. E. N. Seiler, U.S.N.R., as told to Keith Ayling. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1943. 309 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PERCIVAL K. KNAUTH

WHEN American forces landed at Casablanca last November, one extraordinary fact all but escaped notice in the world press: that the landing forces were covered by and received air support from planes of the U. S. Navy, based on aircraft carriers. This, says Keith Ayling, who tells the story of the operation in his fine book "Wildcats Over Casablanca," was a history-making event, because it was the first time that "carrier-based aircraft had supported invading troops, and gained control of the air over hostile territory to enable military forces to take over airfields and prepare them for the occupation by land-based aircraft flown in from carriers which had brought them from America."

The operation was carried out by pilots who had never before been in combat. The story Keith Ayling tells from the accounts of two officers who participated concerns mostly the pilots of two Navy fighter squadrons, the "Red Rippers" and the "Blue" squadron, who flew the Grumman "Wildcat" fighter plane. Also on board the carrier was a Douglas "Dauntless" dive-bombing outfit which did a job on Vichy troops and warships. These men went into battle on "Dog Day" with the prayer of the ship's padre still in their ears and orders not to shoot until they were shot upon. Vichy's troops did open fire, and what followed makes an exciting, fast-moving story which ranks with anything we have had along similar lines on the Far Eastern war.

For story purposes, Keith Ayling puts himself in as a member of the combat units of which he writes, a device which is extremely effective. He captures all of the direct conversational effects of W. L. White's well-known style and in addition gives his readers the feeling that they are not only listening but participating in some of the actions. But some of his best stuff comes from his scrupulous attention to small details—the carrier captain's speech to the pilots when he tells them about the forthcoming action, the padre's prayer in the gray dawn of "Dog Day" and how relieved he felt when one man broke the slight tension afterwards with a wisecrack, the business of not finding sandwiches ready after a hot air action because they had been sent down to the men's mess by mistake. That sort of thing makes you feel at home with the carrier crew, helps to give an idea of what these boys do when they are not fighting or how they feel in the tense moments awaiting the call to take off.

For instance: The Vichyites fought back fiercely with everything they had against these green boys from the States, and there were many empty bunks in the carrier when the planes came back at nightfall. Lieutenant Wordell, one of the men who tells the story, was shot down and captured, then later released. Others were killed, and their comrades watched them die. One lucky pilot, intent on a Vichy truck he was strafing from zero altitude, went right through a eucalyptus tree, but sustained no damage. Another, forced into a spin to escape several Frenchmen on his tail, came back with mud on the bottom of his plane and a bent tailwheel strut—he spun clear down to the ground. Lieutenant Edward Micka, strafing a bomber on the ground, was killed when his target blew up in his face, blowing his own plane with it.

There is a thread of regret that, consciously or unconsciously, runs right through this story—the feeling aroused by the fact that these American fliers were fighting Frenchmen who, under different circumstances, would have been their allies. That did not stop them from fighting them with all they had, but all along you cannot help wondering why it had to be so. The Frenchmen were brave and often exceedingly skillful—some of them outflew the American pilots. The job was made more difficult by the fact that many Vichy pilots were flying American planes, delivered before France fell. The Americans who fell into French hands were well-treated; they found that most of their captors felt no bitterness toward them and were glad when the unhappy job was over. But the American pilots' assignment, as their carrier captain put it, was to "put an end to all Axis activities in French African territory," and this they did exceedingly well. The story of how they did it is one which is not quickly forgotten.

Send GOOD books to the Victory Book Campaign, Saturday Review Family, 25 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

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Southern Neighbors

THE OTHER AMERICANS. By Edward Tomlinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 436 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by STEPHEN NAFT

GENERAL descriptive books on the countries below the Rio Grande for prospective or vicarious tourists, or for those who are interested in "how to do business with South America" preceded the present vogue of good and not so good books analyzing the contemporary history and political situation of our good neighbors to the south. The present world conflict and the importance of knowing who is friend and who is foe favors books informing us mainly about the political aspects of these countries.

Such books, however, can never win unanimous approval, as only readers who share the point of view of the author will call them objective. It is impossible to write such books without stepping on the toes of somebody in power or some groups striving for power. . . . As the French say, "on ne peut pas satisfaire tout le monde et son père."

But Mr. Tomlinson has succeeded in accomplishing the seemingly impossible by writing an interesting and colorful book on Latin America which will please everybody. He has accomplished this miracle by omitting any reference or allusion to the social and economic conflicts and the political life and struggles in these countries as if they were non-existent.

The book is, nevertheless, much more than a travelogue. Few Americans are as well informed about Latin America as Mr. Tomlinson. For almost twenty years he made an annual trip to some part of Latin America and lectured about all sections all over the United States. He reported all the important Pan-American conferences and broadcast some of these important international deliberations. *The New York Herald Tribune* published many of his articles on South America.

In extremely readable style he describes the lives and customs of the natives and the various racial characteristics of the twenty different nations. He gives their background created by geography and tradition, and also outlines briefly the story of a few of these nations from pre-Columbian times—as far as its past is known—through the history of discovery and conquest. The book is enhanced with many entertaining and lively personal observations and anecdotes and conversations the author had with natives in all walks of life. It holds the reader's attention and never becomes dull or didactic. It contains much information for the general reader, of a kind seldom given by book-writing newspapermen, who often overlook interesting details, being more concerned with social and political conflicts.

The book will appeal to the reader who wants a general introduction to the knowledge of these countries, particularly in its pleasant and picturesque aspects. It also can be considered as an introduction to more specialized works.

A section entitled "Facts and Figures," giving to each country about one page of facts on population, transportation, education, systems of government, physical characteristics, chief industries, exports, and imports; several illustrations and good separate maps for each country, as well as a pronounciation list and an excellent index greatly add to the usefulness of the book.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE GREAT YANT MYSTERY *A. B. Cunningham* (Dutton: $2.)	Woman dying after operation incomprehensibly murdered. Husband calls in Kentucky sheriff Roden, who successfully probes dark and devious case.	Grimly realistic tale of life, love, and death in backwoods community. Roden's sleuthing and insights into tortured human nature admirable.	Rather stern stuff
THE BLOOD TRANSFUSION MURDERS *Milton Propper* (Harpers: $2.)	One Philadelphian fatally bludgeoned, another skewered. Lieut. Tommy Rankin officiates.	Capably developed but rather long-winded yarn with finish that may prove reader was hornswoggled throughout.	Standard brand
MURDER FOR TWO *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.)	New England newspaper photographer turns sleuth to solve murder of woman writer and other violent events.	Impeccably plotted, tersely and effectively told, believably characterized—with wind-up that boosts the blood-pressure.	Tops

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The Building of the Colossus

WHY JAPAN WAS STRONG. By John Patric. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1943. 313 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HALLETT ABEND

TOO many books about Japan deal only with its generals, its admirals, and with the small group who for years have had their ups and downs in the civilian administrative offices of the government and on the diplomatic staff. John Patric's new book goes to the other extreme, and deals almost entirely with the "little people" of the Rising Sun Empire, seeking to find amongst them the reason and the basis for Japan's strength. It is an interesting work, and serves admirably as a counter balance for those studies which deal almost exclusively with the higher-ups.

Mr. Patric finds Japan's strength in the industry, the frugality, and the uncomplaining characters of her peasants and her laborers. The faith of these people, their blind patriotism, the blind confidence which they have in their leaders, and the manner in which they have been content with the one-sided education which has been meted out to them—all of these things the author assesses as the alloys of a truly formidably powerful body politic.

He should know, for he made a trip and lived amongst them. On money carefully saved by extraordinary economies at home, Mr. Patric saved enough cash to travel over part of the Far East, his trip including much of Japan which the tourist rarely sees, Korea, parts of Manchuria, and the Peiping-Tientsin region of North China. In all these areas, apparently, he sought out no one of higher rank than police sergeants and troubled railway administrators, and in most cases it was they who sought him out. He started his trip with the advantage of a smattering of the Japanese language, and much well conceived advance investigation.

There is much sound observation in this book, even though there is also much of error of fact. Mr. Patric notes the fact that most Japanese are accustomed to overcrowding and what we would call hardship, from infancy onwards, and from this explains to himself that Japan can crowd three times as many soldiers aboard a transport of given size as the American Army can. "The saturation point where morale is wrecked" comes much later with the Japanese than with Americans, he observes.

The author believes that had we compromised long ago, and reduced our own standard of living a little bit, in order to raise the Japanese nearer to equality with our own, we could have avoided war. "What a sacrifice the little men have forced us, now, to lay on the altar of national inequality!" he exclaims. "What a bargain we *might* have had! That we are fighting an enemy whose assets are his cruelty, his toughness, and his frugality I admit. Yet we have helped to keep him cruel, to make him tough, to force him to be frugal."

Mr. Patric might profit by the reading of much Japanese history. Their own chronicles have always glorified cruelty and frugality, and tough they have always been. His own pages reveal the utter indifference and bewilderment with which such organizations as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are regarded in modern Japan.

It is to be regretted that in many cases the author did not check his facts. For instance, writing about Korea, he places the population at "about 20,000,000," and says "there are few Koreans in other lands," entirely ignoring the large exodus from Korea to Manchuria, to the Biberian Maritime Provinces, and to China.

But in spite of errors of easily ascertainable facts, "Why Japan Was Strong" is a worthwhile book, and time and again the reader comes upon statements which the American people should take to heart. For instance:

> But at the same time, because of their capacity for hard work, for long hours, and for doing without civilian necessities that consume man power in this country, Japan's 70,000,000 of people have a physical working strength of almost twice that many Americans. . . . It helps explain why Japan dared attack us.

Literary Highway of Understanding

THE MAKING OF MODERN BRITAIN: A Short History. By J. B. Brebner and Allan Nevins. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1943. 243 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

THE writer of this review, who happened to be educated in the Germany of Wilhelm II before World War I, left high school without ever having heard of Jefferson. Of Lincoln he knew scarcely more than the name. His background in British history was almost equally poor. But he knew all the details of the battles Prussia had fought.

These and other deficiences of education explain in part the frame of mind which made Germany's academic youth, in 1914, fight and die convinced of the righteousness of Germany's cause. The same ignorance made another German generation succumb enthusiastically to Hitler's new order.

Such remarks are seemingly strange in a review of a "short history" of Great Britain. They serve to show why this small book, in spite of legions of voluminous texts on Britain's history, conveys an important and timely message. Here is a book without the well-known characteristics of fact-crammed textbooks which the plain reader refuses to stomach, unless he has to. This study, written in a brilliant and vivid style, is for the average American. And it is this kind of book that will have an immense effect in the educational battle to win a lasting peace: books on America for the British, on Britain for the Americans, on the Soviet Union and on China for their allies, and, last but not least, the educational vitamins which the Germans, the Italians, and the Japanese have so desperately been lacking for decades.

I hope this small volume will set a shining example for those who will be called upon to write similar texts which, after the war, will help to re-educate the peoples by making them understand the other members of the family of nations. The authors (both of Columbia University) have told the glorious story of Great Britain in scholarly fashion and yet with so much natural charm that the American reader after finishing this book will more than ever appreciate what Churchill said, three years ago: "These two great organizations of the English-speaking democracies, the British Empire and the United States, will have to be somewhat mixed up in some of their affairs for mutual and general advantage." Churchill added that he viewed the process without misgiving. "Like the Mississippi, it just keeps rolling along. Let it roll."

There is only one note of regret. The story ends on September 3, 1939, the very day when history started a new chapter in the book of modern Britain. The authors may have felt, and probably rightly so, that it is premature, in the turmoil of our time, to design the image of the Britain of today and tomorrow. After the war, the authors, we hope, will write the second volume of "The Making of Modern Britain"; it will be welcomed heartily by the readers of the present text.

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Ignoble Experiment

THE GOEBBELS EXPERIMENT: A Study of the Nazi Propaganda Machine. By Derrick Sington and Arthur Weidenfeld. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1943. 274 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

WHAT a fantastic name Goebbels is! Gnome-like, goblin-like, goose-like; red-eyed and hissing.

Try saying these out-loud, and fast. Goëring, Goebbels, Hitler, and Hess!

History has a strange sense of caricature and of stage-direction as if, back of the historian, were a major historian, history itself. What better name, for example, could be found for Caesar than Caesar, or for Napoleon than Napoleon? The short, sharp, predatory consonants and vowels of the first, the oratund, pompous, but dignified and important vowels and consonants of the latter. And what could be more perfect for weasel-hearted traitors than Quisling? While even Charles Dickens, genius of nomenclature, could have hit upon nothing more apt for the greatest and most vocal liar the world has ever seen, natural and self-taught, than Goebbels. Some god must have laughed at the birth of this man; if one of the bloody German gods, laughing deep in his beard, all the better. Therefore, for the enrichment of the already magnificent English vocabulary I suggest a further word, onomatopoeic and exact, complete in all its necessary nouns, adjectives, adverbs and verbs, tenses and cases.

"To goebbel; goebbelingly. A goebbeler; a goebbel."

"The Goebbels Experiment" is a complete scholarly and unimpassioned document. The Yale University Press issues it as the thirty-first volume published under the terms of the Philip Hamilton McMillan Memorial Publication Fund; Philip McMillan having been a generous and upright son of Yale who, although he died in 1919, a year after the last war, would not have been able, decent American as he was, to have imagined a creature like Joseph Goebbels.

Nowadays all living Yale men, as well as all decent and informed men and women everywhere, hundreds of millions of them, have had to accept Joseph Goebbels and others like him not as nightmare phantasies but as dreadful matters-of-fact. And Goebbels in a certain sense, even more than his master Hitler, is the most sinister of these inhabitants of the dark, for more clearly even than Hitler he realized that the truth, reversed, is the strongest of lies, just as Anti-Christ is the exact image, reversed, of Christ, and so deliberately, cold-bloodedly, and scientifically set out to debauch the minds of men. It will take generations before this poison is entirely out of the bloodstream of the intellect. This is indeed the syphilis of the spirit; the sin against the Holy Ghost.

The co-authors of this book start their study at the beginning of Nazi propaganda, unbelievable as it may seem in July, 1918, while Germany was still undefeated, and when there were still four months of the World War to go, and Hitler, the unknown corporal, was still with his company among the desecrated towns and village of Flanders. In that month a dubious young Bavarian, son of a Silesian railway engineer, calling himself Rudolph von Sebottendorf, but whose real name was Rudolph Glauer, bought (with money borrowed from his mistress, Käthe Bierbaumer) an obscure little Munich sporting weekly, the *Münchener Beobachter,* and announced that henceforth it would be a "patriotic" sheet. In his very first editorial, he said this;

> There exist higher and lower races. Those who rate the racial mongrels as equals of the Aryans commit a crime against mankind. These inferior races need Leaders and a Leading race to develop them . . . The Germanic race is destined for this Leader role.

I suppose no American need be told that the Nazis have always catalogued us as one of the leading "mongrel" and "inferior races," along with England and France, and at an early date laid plans to subjugate us and, when that was accomplished, assign to us proper "Leaders."

It is interesting to note that "von Sebottendorf," this early exponent of "the Master Race," had stolen a minor title of nobility; that he had borrowed money from a bemused Jewess; that his "Fuehrer," soon to appear, was an Austrian, an illegitimate grandson, and came from the Sudenten, one of the murkiest population areas in Europe; and that Joseph Goebbels, upon whose narrow shoulders the mantle of "Rudolph von Sebottendorf" fell, was a waspish, lecherous, club-footed nobody. One runs out of quotation marks to indicate the spurious. All that was needed to complete the picture "of this blond Aryan group" was the name and appearance of the Russian Balt and former Communist who speedily emerged to take over "von Sebottendorf's" theory of

this is Lorence

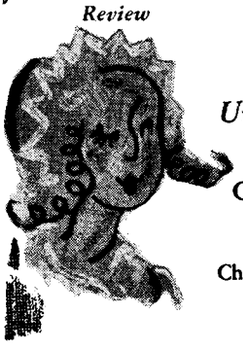
A narrative of the Reverend Laurence Sterne

by Lodwick Hartley

THE REVEREND LAURENCE STERNE'S morality has often been called into question—his literary conscience never. Rebuked by the smug and shocked clergy for the hilarious impropriety of his *Tristram Shandy,* London society was highly amused and surprised by it; for no novel like it had ever before come from an English pen.

Sterne's astonishing love affairs, his patience with a neurotic wife, the midnight gaieties of "Crazy Castle," and the stories of the people portrayed in *Tristram Shandy*—all of these are recounted here.

"The author of *Tristram Shandy,* himself one of the rare comic spirits of the world, would have liked this book . . . a narrative of admirable sprightliness, and a critical study illuminated by most unstodgy wisdom, reinforced by an enchantingly mad jacket." — *N. Y. Times Book Review* $3.00



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"racial purity." The name of this dark-haired Balt was Rosenberg.

The *Münchener Beobachter* became the *Völkischer Beobacter*, Hitler's especial paper, and presently passed under the control of Max Amann, a former bank clerk who had been Hitler's sergeant major, and who now was to become his publisher, head of the Eher Publishing House. As a result, both Hitler and Amann became multi-millionaires. In 1925 Hitler sent Goebbels to Berlin to take charge of Nazi propaganda and meetings there, deliberately and secretly undermining the influence of one of his earliest friends and supporters, Gregor Strasser, chief of the Party's propaganda. Goebbels immediately showed the criminal and vicious genius that has distinguished him; he invited martyrdom for his followers by hoodlum tactics, he provoked brutal incidents on all occasions, and he used language solely as a subversive weapon.

Fact by fact, document by document, date after date, original source after original source, these backed whenever necessary by direct quotation, the authors of this masterly study of the Nazi mind where it has to do with propaganda, domestic and foreign, build up the picture of the monstrous machine designed to destroy thought. There are even charts, like those of some vast corporation, whose various divisions, stemming from the fountain-head, Minister of Public Enlightment (sic!) and Propaganda, Goebbels, spread eventually into every country, large or insignificent, and down into every function of German life. Nothing was neglected. Like the Chinese children of the sixteenth century who were brought up in vases until, dwarfed and monstrous, they were sufficiently grotesque to please, as slaves and pets, the great ladies of Europe, the lies of the Nazi Party and its theory of "categoric cynicism" warped and deformed throughout the world all those so foolish or so ignorant as to listen.

This is a fascinating book; this book, "The Goebbels Experiment." Told with lucid directness, it has the damning quality of cool, objective writing, but because of its context it is far more hair-raising and exciting than most murder stories. And that is another eerie result of the paradoxical horror of the times in which we are living . . . any true document concerning the Nazi regime in any of its aspects is as shocking as a sudden look into hell.

The Yale University Press has published this particular and overwhelmingly important aspect of hell with grave scholastic decorum. Also, three dollars makes hell expensive. The format of the book is such that none but the scholar will be tempted to look inside. This is not only a pity in a literary sense, but it is also an unwitting crime against knowledge. I sincerely trust that the Yale University Press will republish this book to the sound of bugles and in a paper edition costing not more than fifty cents and to be sold everywhere, especially on news-stands. There are still too many Americans, protected as we are by oceans, although no longer adequately, not yet fully aware of the shape of hell; the inner fiery hell of Nazi murder, torture, assassination, rapine, and rape; the cold outer frozen hell of Nazi theory and intellectual procedure where, as in Dante's Inferno, sit the treacherous, the unimpassioned cruel, the venal, the sellers out of honor, and the despisers of humanity; all these presided over by a small, sharp-faced, club-footed minor demon.

New Publication Fund

Princeton University Press has announced establishment of the MacLaren Fund in the History of Engineering and Technology, which will be a revolving fund, named for Malcolm MacLaren, pioneer American electrical engineer who is now a professor emeritus at Princeton.

THE MAKING OF MODERN BRITAIN

By J. B. BREBNER & ALLAN NEVINS

Here is the book every alert American has wanted, but has been unable to find until now—a concise history, stripped down to essentials, which supplies the background facts as we need to know, and is as enjoyable to read as it is informative.

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AmericanDimensions

ATLAS OF AMERICAN HISTORY. James Truslow Adams, Editor-in-chief. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 360 *pp. with index.* $10.

Reviewed by NORMAN COUSINS

THIS volume is a notable service to the study of American history. It takes the place of dozens of separate works which, when pieced together, add up to a cartographical story of America. But that is only one of its major accomplishments. In addition to presenting a geographical record in compact, unified form, it serves as a fascinating study of the unfolding development of the United States. In a series of 135 pen-and-ink maps reproduced in photo-offset on good stock, the "Atlas" provides the geographical picture of the principal events in American history in chronological sequence, region by region as well as the country as a whole. Included, too, are maps dealing with topography, forestry, railroad building, survey guides, etc.

In sum, "The Atlas of American History" is an immensely valuable aid and standard reference work for anyone interested in or working with the materials of American history. James Truslow Adams, the editor, and R. V. Coleman, the managing editor, have succeeded in having their "Atlas" do for American geography what their "Dictionary of American History" does for the written record. They were assisted in this undertaking by some sixty-four specialists in history. In practical operation, it works out this way: Each map, in addition to the usual legend, carries the name of the supervisory expert. Thus Douglas Southall Freeman directs the cartography on the plate dealing with Virginia as it was in 1864-65; Carl Coke Rister on the clash with Mexico and the new boundaries, 1836-48; Dan E. Clark and Alvin F. Harlow on the Northwest as it was in 1865-90—to mention only a few.

Despite this range of experting, there is no lack of uniformity in the volume, for the maps are drawn by a single cartographer, LeRoy H. Appleton, whose work is distinctive yet direct, concise yet comprehensive. The lettering stands head and shoulders above anything being done today in historical maps.

WAR BONDS

Not a Gift, But Thrift

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POLITICAL "WHAT IFS"

(*Continued from page* 10)

justices of our political institutions in the last decade of the old century and in the first two decades of this century. Bryan picked up the banner of reform dropped by General James B. Weaver in the first Populist campaign of the early nineties. Bryan carried that banner through the administrations of McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson. It was a tawdry banner, possibly cheap sometimes and occasionally demagogic, though Bryan in seraphic innocence did not realize it, but millions of Democrats rallied around that banner. Bryan took them in quite a different direction from that which they were going under Grover Cleveland and the silk-stocking Democrats of the eighties and nineties. Bryan would have made a terrible President, but not more terrible than Harding, which is not exactly high praise. But Bryan in American public life made the first Roosevelt possible. He was more responsible for the nomination and election of Wilson than any other one man, even Colonel House. And to this affiant it seems that, when Mr. Stone sets Bryan down as a pigmy compared with Taft, Mr. Stone is putting too much emphasis on political erudition and not enough on political hunch.

The grouping of these Also Rans is interesting and at first seems to be foolish, but when one finishes the book he loses entirely the sense that Mr. Stone has been rather arbitrary in, for instance, classifying the generals under one head, Winfield Scott, John C. Frémont, George M. McClellan, and Winfield S. Hancock. Again looking at the table of contents one sees no reason why Book Seven should contain the stories of Louis Cass, Horatio Seymour, Alfred E. Smith, and Alf M. Landon. But they were all governors. Alton Parker and Charles Evans Huges were judges. Bryan and Clay were three times losers. John W. Davis and Wendell Willkie were Wall Street lawyers. And when the author decided to abandon a chronological order, probably the order he has substituted is as good as any other order and the reader soon loses the feeling that the groupings are incongruous and irrelevant.

"They Also Ran" is a good book worth writing and well worth reading. It is a book over which the contemplative student of American history may well ponder. For it is obvious that in choosing between these unsuccessful candiates for the Presidency and their successful rivals, the American people have chosen well. They have generally not been fooled by specious logic. In nine cases out of ten the wisdom of the American people at the polls has been justified in history. Democracy has proven its capacity to pick its leaders. At any rate, in picking them, the American people have followed what seems to be a definite evolutionary destiny. If the voters did not always get the better man, physically, mentally, spiritually, for instance, in choosing between Hughes and Wilson, they did follow the drift and tendency of the times. Mr. Hughes possibly would have been a better administrator than Woodrow Wilson. He might have been a more clear-headed and far-sighted statesman. He could have saved the peace that was wrecked by the intransigent obstinacy of Wilson and the peevish factionalism of Lodge. But there again "what if" raises a question. Were the people of the United States ready for the peace that Hughes would have made? Did they not have to stumble and learn their lesson? How much can leadership divert the real drift and tendency of the times. These questions and others like them will rise to confront any historical student who reads this book. Certainly Mr. Stone would not claim to be a major prophet of history. But he has stated in striking, in simple, and in dramatic terms the great question that anyone asks who reads history seriously, the everlasting cry—that unanswerable riddle—"What if?"

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 2

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. "B" for instance may stand for "E" and "M" for "I." The experienced cryptographer seeks first to spot the vowels, and looks for letters that recur frequently to give him his clue. The solution to Crypt No. 2 will be found in the next issue.

VBY SPCLZ HYL TLYLSF

ZAYHUNL KHYR PUALYSBKLZ

PU AOL LSLJAYPJHS KPZWSHF

VM NVK AOL MHAOLY!

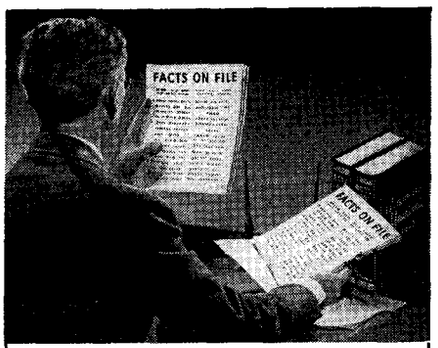
LBNLUL V'ULPSS—

"ZAYHUNL PUALYSBKL"

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1

I have known people to stop and buy an apple on the corner and then walk away as if they had solved the whole unemployment problem.

Heywood Broun—
"Chummy Charlie"



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The Phoenix Nest

MY realm, as I am sometimes reminded by those who feel that one not averse to verse should not venture to stick a toe into the troubled waters of sociology and economics—my realm is really that of books, and old books at that! But I do not confine my reading to books of poetry. In fact, as I get older, I turn more and more to history, biography, and s. and e. as above stated. Therefore, it is inevitable that some comment on such things, and upon current affairs, in which it is also impossible not to be interested, should creep ever and again into this wayward monologue. It annoys some people very much. It has incensed Edwin C. Crampton of Raton, New Mexico, because I have been "unfair to Herbert Hoover" (though it was Miss Rebecca West who started that!), it aroused a many-paged diatribe from someone in Jersey, it has caused Frank W. Lucas of San Francisco to tell me gently:

> You announce that "we have seen unfettered initiative and free enterprise run the country into a hole." You have overlooked apparently that all nations run into a hole at intervals and then they run right out again. On a trip to Buenos Aires I had occasion to consult a telephone book. Serving a population of two million, it has the same number of subscribers as has Sacramento, California, with a population of 100,000. In the U. S. A. the poorer classes, over which you and your collaborators shed so many tears, have telephones, radios, bathtubs, jalopies, and even pianos. I enjoy so much what you write about things you know. Please omit economics.

I thank Mr. Lucas, but it is impossible for me altogether to omit economics, because I am part of an economic system which will not omit me or millions like me. It conditions my whole way of life, and it is far from being perfect. Therefore, I shall continue to lay about me at times when I think it necessary. I have even contemplated writing an article, "Conservatives Are Always Wrong," and, strangely enough, this has not been inspired by weeping into my alphabet soup over the woes of the proletariat, but by contemplating the history of aviation in which I am also interested (Sorry!) Also Mr. Lucas's picture of countries running in and out of holes with the agility of prairie dogs does not strike me as quite accurate. And, again, the idea of a self-adjusting economic system had, I thought, been thrown overboard long ago by the best minds. It doesn't self-adjust, or it takes so long to stagger back, in the present state of the interlocked and complicated world, that you have very nearly chaos in the meanwhile. But I am a mere amateur at these matters, and I am going to play fair and give you a letter from a business man. Mr. Paul S. Grant, who is secretary and treasurer of The Milwaukee Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin (and I don't know how large a corporation that may be, or how small a business, though I probably should), has written the following. I answered his good letter in my usual random way, spilling my notions out helter-skelter—but for those of my readers who think I am unfair—and I dare say I am often quite as unfair as they are—here is Mr. Grant's view of the situation, and they have a right to take a crack at that too, if it happens to annoy them. It doesn't annoy me, though I do not altogether agree with it. It is reasoned and calm argument.

> May the typewriter speak to the theorbo? You say, "if it be a moral," and that may take the edge from my comments, but let an investment man early fallen from the grace of the academic life write to the poet who discusses Big Business.
>
> You did not capitalize the words "Big Business," but there are others capitalized, and used as an epithet, a technique of politicians who wish emotion to displace reason. Carl Snyder and Norman Silberling have analyzed factually, inductively, the historic relationship of wages paid workers to the value of the product, and have found that there is so constant a ratio that it seems to be fundamental. Perhaps that ratio will change, either by a fundamental change of our economic system, or by some shift within the present system not foreseeable by these authors. Without research, I cannot prove it, but I have a feeling that the greatest change now going on is that, out of the dollar of value produced, not labor, but the government is getting a greater share, and the shareholder less. In the long run, from study of many decades, these authors say, labor's increased rate of pay doesn't produce more real income. What produces—and has produced in our country—a higher standard of living is greater productivity per man hour.
>
> And what produces greater output per hour per man? The application of mechanical power, electricity or internal combustion engines, doing man's work for him, so that labor is tending or directing machines which do many times what each man could do with his muscles. And it takes capital to assemble these machines, and management to plan their operations, and while you have your choice between private capital and state capital, is there any doubt of the choice?
>
> It takes profits to attract capital and to create capital. Is there anything immoral about profits? Eliminate the emotion from the word and assume that a business is run, as most are, with a fair deal for labor; isn't the shareholder entitled, for his risk, to an equally fair deal, —the chance to make a profit and get some dividends? There are many who would like all savings to go into government bonds. These would direct the whole flow of capital into "socially useful" projects, but I can foresee in that case a stagnant and wasteful civilization. Isn't the quick elimination through bankruptcy of uneconomic private ventures better for us than bureaucratic competition for funds raised by deficit financing, and no test but political expediency?
>
> Probably we agree, that free enterprise policed, but not controlled, by government is what we should have, and my experiencing in financing shows me clearly some of the rules we need. But I assure you that finding the judicial temperament to administer a law is much more difficult than writing the law; and that labor needs protection against its professional organizers and spokesmen as much as it does against its employers. Money is only a symbol. It is one of the major symbols of power, but other symbols are the titles senator, or fuehrer, or state organizer. There are many ambitions, but the unselfish man rarely gains power, whether it be in an organization, or in politics, or in business. Ambitious men need to be restrained. The misled, short-sighted rank and file of workers, and the thoughtless, indifferent investor, need enlightenment and help and protection.
>
> After all, isn't labor's interest identical with the business man's? Don't they both want full production and active business? Don't wages and profits go up and down together? If both sides can realize that they are on the same side, a constructive policy will be bound to result, and name-calling must stop.
>
> One more comment,—on your quotation from Mr. Dreher: He uses the first year of rearmament as a sample of the excess-profits tax. The rate now is 90 percent. Perhaps now the yield of the tax is more than a drop in the bucket, but if it is still only a drop in the bucket, then what of the tenth of a drop left to business? It can't be a "cashing in" on the war for any one to mutter about except the poor business man who works 90 percent for Uncle Sam. The quotation may have been obsolete when you used it.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 483)

G. K. CHESTERTON:
ON PIGS AS PETS

We do not know what fascinating variations might happen in the pig if once the pig were a pet. There may be little frisky, fighting pigs like Irish or Scotch terriers, there may be little pathetic pigs like King Charles' spaniels.

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The Crostics Club

RECENTLY in checking up a Shakespearean quotation, I came across another instance of variation to be found in different editions. I had used in my DC "a blow to hear," but the edition I consulted later gave "blow to th' ear." Both made sense, though I'd have preferred the latter if it hadn't involved too many changes.

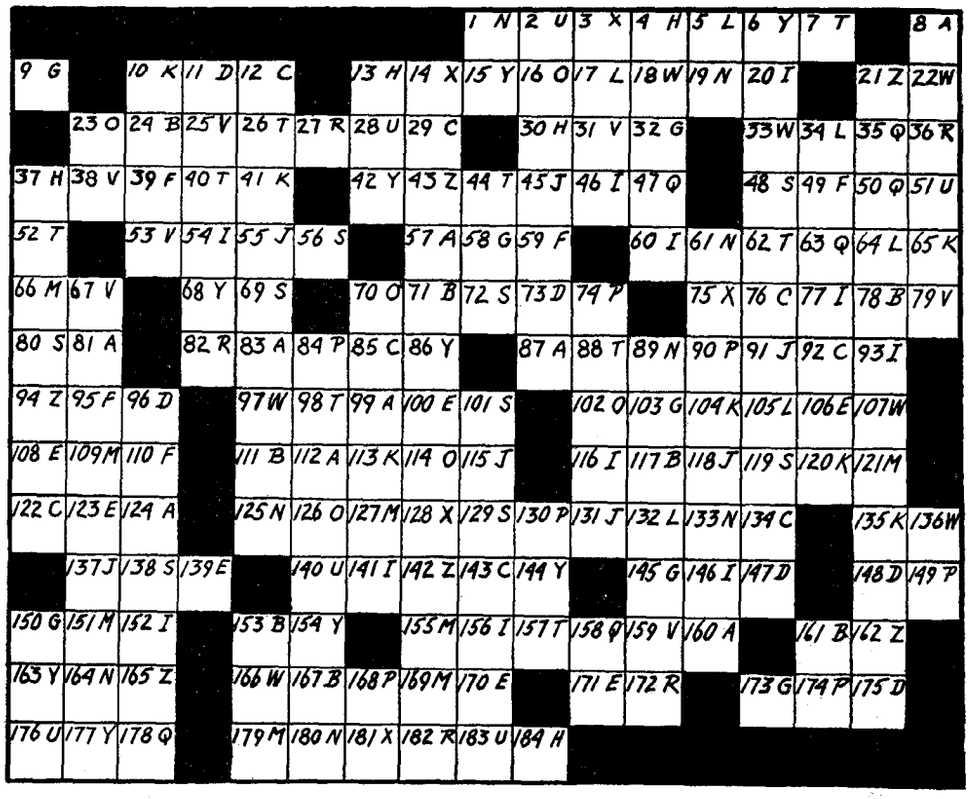
As valued contributions from Steven Byington, Ballard Vale, Mass., are piling up beyond my time to answer them individually, I pause to tell you something of my most erudite and helpful DC'er. S. B.'s father was a country parson and head of a Vermont Shakespeare Society. His mother was a daughter of the editor of a religious paper, niece of William M. Evarts, and great-granddaughter of Roger Sherman. S. B., graduate of the University of Vermont, '91, ultimately entered a well-known publishing house as a proofreader and for thirty-eight years remained with them, from time to time sharing in editorial responsibilities. When a young graduate, he made plans to translate the Bible from its original sources, but found then that it lacked the remuneration he needed. Now, after some private preparatory education, he is engaged, single-handed, in this translation in the hope that it will be completed this year.

S. B., in reply to my query as to including Scotch and English dialect words in our DC's, doesn't see the consistency of ruling out those words when I include South African terms like *rondawel*, any small house of cheap construction. To me, such general words from South Africa or from India are of large countries of growing importance, and we are likely to come across them in current books or radio comments. Whereas Scotch and English dialect words are confined to local districts in an abundance to interest the philologist rather than the DC puzzler.

Speaking of *williwaws* (an instance I might have cited above) Mrs. P. V. Hoyle, Deep River, Conn., writes that *williwaws* has long been familiar to her, introduced years ago by an old sea captain in the household as in common usage among sailors.

In commenting on my use of *Ormulum*—DC 472—as a thirteenth century poem in the vernacular important in English language evolution (abbreviation for space often interferes with explicit definition) S. B. wrote: "The *Ormulum* played no part in the evolution of the English language because in its time nobody read it. They neither wore out the author's autograph M. S. nor made a single copy of it. It is today important to students as a record in the stage of the evolution of the language because Orm was a spelling reformer and his peculiar spelling shows the pronunciation of his time."

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 484

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 22 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. East Indian licorice seed used for beads.

B. A fairy ruler of dreams (described in *Romeo and Juliet*).

C. Play by Euripides (Admetus' wife).

D. Persian racial type in Baluchistan (laborers or slaves).

E. Term of endearment (Anglo-Irish).

F. Effect of past experience of individual or race that persists.

G. Simplest of the Japanese Buddhist faiths (comp.)

H. Pentateuch or Law of Moses (Jewish).

I. Awkward, gawky fellow.

J. Designating Hogg as a *Shepherd*.

K. Full of whims.

L. To bury.

M. German critics (brothers) (1767-1849) (1772-1825).

N. Heedlessly impetuous.

O. To be a fixed element or attribute.

P. To declare openly.

Q. A small mug or a small quantity of drink.

R. A presenting for acceptance.

S. 1st magnitude star in *Pisces Australis*.

T. Indian of tribes at mouth of Ottawa River and north of the St. Lawrence.

U. Small fish used for bait.

V. Faithless beloved of Pelleas (Tennyson).

W. Snubs.

X. Safety zone for pedestrians (English).

Y. Hilly tract in Gloucestershire (sheep raising).

Z. Wife of Atreus, daughter of Minos, King of Crete.

WORDS

87 124 83 99 8 160 112 57 81

71 167 117 78 153 111 24 161

85 143 92 12 29 122 76 134

96 147 11 148 73 175

100 108 106 123 171 170 139

49 95 59 39 110

145 58 103 9 32 173 150

184 37 4 13 30

146 141 77 116 60 93 152 46 54 156 20

55 137 115 131 91 118 45

120 65 113 104 135 10 41

5 34 105 64 17 132

179 127 109 155 121 66 169 151

89 19 1 180 125 61 133 164

126 23 114 70 102 16

149 84 90 130 174 74 168

47 50 63 158 35 178

27 36 172 82 182

69 119 56 48 101 138 129 72 80

7 40 52 44 62 98 88 26 157

2 183 51 28 176 140

67 53 25 31 38 79 159

166 97 18 33 136 22 107

181 14 75 3 128

6 154 163 15 177 68 86 144 42

94 165 142 21 43 162

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